

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 11. NO. 6.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MAR. 16, 1893.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

For Bargains in Dress Goods

..... Call at

IRVIN GRAY'S.

We are showing the most Complete Line of

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Ever offered in Rhinelander.

WOOL DRESS GOODS

All the New Fashions and Shades.

WHITE GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES

An Elegant Assortment.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF LADIES

JACKETS, CAPES AND SHIRT WAISTS

Wait for them before purchasing.

It will be money in your pocket.

John R. Binder is up north this week disposing of watches and jewelry.

April 28th is Arbor Day this year in Wisconsin. The day should be observed in Rhinelander, as it is in other cities.

Our merchants are improving their store rooms, and preparing for the excellent trade which they expect the coming season.

W. E. and A. W. Brown came up from Madison Saturday and spent the Sabbath with their families, returning Monday.

Our saw mills are all well stocked with logs and most of them will probably run day and night, thus necessitating two crews to a mill.

A message from Rhinelander yesterday brought news of a late arrival in that prosperous city. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball. All concerned are doing nicely.—Stevens Point Journal.

Everything indicates that the coming summer will be a very prosperous one in Rhinelander. It now looks as if there will be more building here than ever before in one season. Several substantial brick buildings will be erected on one of our business streets, and many nice residences will be built.

The press of this section is enthusiastic in its praise of Judge Webb, who seems to have the good will of all, and who will receive a rousing vote in this part of the state. He is a man for the people, a man for the position, and a man who can take care of the duties of a supreme court judge in a first-class manner.

The seventh winter meeting of the Wisconsin Press Association will be held at Madison March 29 and 30. The fall meetings of the Association are for recreation and pleasure. At the winter meetings the practical every day business of newspaper publishers is discussed. Both meetings are productive of much good to the craft.

The town officers to be chosen at the spring election, April 4th are as follows: A chairman to succeed Anderson Brown; two members of alder board, in place of Chas. Wilson and J. E. Hilber; a treasurer in place of Alex. Sutton; a clerk to succeed W. W. Carr; an assessor to succeed J. Hagan; one justice of the peace in place of E. D. Briggs.

Billy Beers returned to Madison Sunday night.

Monday morning Bern, the two-year old daughter of Mrs. W. A. Lane, died of scarlet fever. The cup of sorrow of the bereaved mother is indeed full to overflowing.

Louis Vetting is in town for a few days. He will move his family to State Line for the summer, where he will remain and look after the stock and logging outfit for Brown Bros.

W. S. Hidden, editor of the Sun Prairie Countryman, Sun Prairie, Wis., was in the city last week, the guest of C. C. Schockley and family. The New North acknowledges a pleasant call from the gentleman.

Silverthorn & Co. have bought all the good lumber in stock of W. E. Kelley & Co., of Chicago, amounting to 400,000 feet. The lumber is in Brown & Robbins' yards, and they are shipping about three car loads daily.

The following notice among the Fox Lake items in the Sunday Sentinel will be of interest to our readers in Rhinelander: E. B. Morley, of La Crosse, will move his family here, having rented a place until he can build. Mr. Morley is wealthy and an enthusiastic summer resort man.

Congressman Lynch has expressed a wish that the democracy of Rhinelander decide upon some one man for postmaster at this place. It looks now as if a dark horse would come in and carry off the perch. We have heard of only four who are after the appointment. Some of the candidates fear that P. Gardner will be the dark horse, since it has been learned that he has been in Milwaukee interviewing Senator Mitchell, with whom, it is said, he has a great deal of influence. Johnson is plying along at the head of the line, Hallett is packing his meat cart along about third place, while Charlie Wilson is coming along on all fours and strikes the home stretch about a length behind John Barack, who stopped to consider the legality of the rule set forth by Postmaster General Bissell last week viz., not to appoint anyone postmaster who had any other business and who could not devote all of his time to the duties of the office. According to this mandate the candidates may all be considered out of the race with the exception of Johnson, who is the only one not engaged in any kind of business.

It will soon be warm enough to talk politics on the street corners.

Brown & Robbins have been giving their mill a thorough overhauling, and it is now in first-class shape to start up just as soon as the ice is out of the pond. They have made extensive improvements throughout the mill, among which is the adding of a new Prescott band mill to take the place of the old band. They expect to saw about 25,000,000 this season. The firm has secured the services of Thomas J. Kelling, of Muskegon, Mich., who will have charge of the rotary filing room, and Mr. Kingsburg, of Stevens Point, who will attend to the band filing rooms.

The Antigo Special of last week, in an item in regard to an engineer on the Lake Shore road who stopped his engine and got off to remove an obstruction in the shape of a drunken man from the track, speaks of it as an act of humanity on the part of the engineer. We have no doubt but that others are of the same opinion.

Death of W. A. Lane.

As time passes by we are often called upon to chronicle the death of some unexpected one in the vigor of health and manhood. This time, a respected citizen in the person of W. A. Lane is taken. Feeling sick on Sunday of last week, said to a friend that he thought he would go home and doctor up a little. He was not obliged to take to his bed for a day or two, and indeed no one thought him in a dangerous condition until Friday, when he grew suddenly worse, and died Saturday morning about 2:30 o'clock.

Willard Adelbert Lane was born at Hixton, Jackson county, Wis., Sept. 23, 1866, and consequently was only 27 years of age at the time of his death. He moved to Clear Lake, Wis., in 1892, where he became acquainted with Miss Mamie Hill. They were married April 25, 1892, and came to Rhinelander Jan. 18, 1893, where he has resided until his death, March 1, 1893. A wife and four children are left to mourn the loss of a husband and father, and the sympathy of a host of friends and acquaintances here and elsewhere go out to them in this their great and terrible affliction—the loss of one who did everything he could to make them happy and contented at all times. He was the oldest son of G. W. and Laura Lane, of Ashland, who greatly mourn his death. They arrived before he died, but he was unconscious and did not recognize them.

Owing to the fact that three of his children were sick in the house with scarlet fever at the time of his death it was impossible to hold a public funeral, but a large number of friends gathered outside and a short service was conducted by Rev. D. C. Savage, Sunday afternoon, when they all followed the remains to the grave. The lodge of Maccabees, of which order he was an honored member and held a high office, had charge of the funeral. Amid the tears and sorrows of surviving relatives and friends, his body, by the hands of sympathizing Brethren has been lowered to the narrow confines of the tomb. No words of adequate consolation can be offered to those who mourn.

Talks With Girls.

One thing Aunt Betsey can say, she is greatly attached to her audience. Whether the attachment is mutual is a question which has bothered her considerably. Sincere mutual attachments are, if not rare, at least not so numerous as they ought to be in this world. The world may, as some assert, be growing better; but it certainly is growing more selfish. At the present rate of decrease, disinterestedness will soon be reduced to a minimum. I hope it will not be so with you, my dears. Selfishness is a mischievous imp. It is ever the messenger of darkness and the tempter to evil. There is only one way to keep it out; that is always to have a bright, pure place in your heart where the Angel of Duty can come in and abide. You know that even now there are persons who believe in wearing charms against disease and witchcraft. Now there really is such a thing as a charm against the evils that assail the moral nature. It is an infallible charm. If rightly worn and managed there is nothing that can contaminate the wearer. That charm is simply the word "duty." That covers everything. There is no need to have it written and hung round your neck. No necessity for placarding it in your homes. Indeed such disposition of it would be entirely ineffectual. You must have it graven on your hearts. You must never forget for a moment that it is there; and whenever danger threatens or temptations assail you, just read your charm and pronounce the word, with a full surrender to its magic, and you are safe.

There is no situation in life where you will need this amulet more than

when enjoying the amusements about which we have been talking. I hope you will not infer from the tenor of our conversations upon this subject that, for the sake of amusements, there should be any laxity in moral or religious life. Not one jot or tittle. Nothing could be more dangerous. That Angel of Duty is a delicate and sensitive creature. She will stay with you as long as you keep for her a fit habitation. But she is easily grieved and frightened away. While she is ever a willing guest, she will not remain one moment after her welcome expires. While she stays she will help you in the higher life. She will sympathize with life's sorrows, applaud its triumphs, repair its failures and sanctify its lighter moods. But once expelled, it is hard to lure her back from her flight.

So, while opening the door for all the innocent enjoyments of life, I would have you never lose sight of its serious aspects. They are the most important. Amusements are good, indeed necessary. Relaxation is a necessity. But remember that the higher life is the better life. Beware of the excesses of social enjoyment. Don't let its sensuous music lull you to sleep. Give to society only what you can safely spare. Give it nothing that will impair your strength, diminish your self-respect or interfere with your life purpose. Whatever evil society may issue to you, meet it with this question: "Will duty permit it?" If it will, respond; if not, decline. That way lies safety. Never cease striving for the better things of this life, for in attaining them you are preparing for the good things of the other life. Brave things are done both by assent and denial. That person is the bravest who is most prompt and free with "yes" or "no" as duty dictates. As William Watson says:

"Naught nobler is than to be free;
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws;
From servitude to freedom's song
Free thou thy mind in bondage pent;
Depose the selfish, and proclaim
The things that are more excellent."

And in appropriate dust be hurled
That dull, punctious god whom they
That call their tiny clan the world
Serve and obsequiously obey;
Who on the ritual of routine,
With maled to one dead like these blest,
And never even in dreams have seen
The things that are more excellent."

To dress, to call, to dine, to break
No canon of the social code,
The true news that fauces unloose,
The true denouement of life—
How many a soul for these things lives,
With plumed passion, grace intent!
While nature careless-handed gives
The things that are more excellent."

AUNT BETSEY.

The Ups and Downs of Fortune.

The new democratic senator from North Dakota is an example of the queer turns of fortune which men sometimes experience in this remarkable country of ours. For a long period of time, it seems, he was content to live in modest retirement from public view. It required the united dynamical power of the great tariff reform wave and the Populist cyclone which swept over the treeless expanses of Northern Dakota last year to lift him to the surface and bring him to the front.

When the news of his election to the United States senate, which, according to Mr. Adlai Stevenson, is "the most distinguished body of men on earth," was transmitted to the country his name was generally new to the people. In most parts of the Union nobody remembered to have previously heard of him. There was, however, an exception. In the city of Washington it was familiar to many people, and the announcement that he was coming as a United States senator, to be one of the pillars of the new administration, caused something of a sensation. It had been a long time since they had heard from him, but the old residents remembered him and tell a strange story respecting him.

They say that fifteen years or so since, back in the seventies, he lived in Washington, and was the cashier of one of the banks. In the progress of time a shortage was discovered in the bank funds, and it was found that the cashier had been speculating and had appropriated and lost between \$30,000 and \$40,000 of the bank's money. The cashier betook himself to parts unknown, but, luckily for the bank, had a wealthy father-in-law who made up the missing sum. Hence the absconding cashier was not pursued, and the memory of the affair had almost passed out of mind when it was vividly revived by the news that the principal actor in it was about to return, after years of obscurity, in triumph to his old home as a member of "the most distinguished body of men on earth." The new states are turning out some remarkable personages to help make laws for us.—Sentinel.

The weekly cake sale of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will be held Saturday, the 8th inst., from 2 to 5 p. m. at the Potter Drug Company's store.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The senate on the 4th passed the last of the appropriation bills, and after thanking the senators for their uniform courtesy Vice President Morton declared the senate of the Fifty-second congress adjourned sine die. The oath of office was then taken by Vice President Stevenson. In the house the customary resolution of thanks was tendered to Speaker Clegg, after which that official declared the house of representatives adjourned sine die.

U. S. Senate in Extra Session.

In extra session on the 6th the senate confirmed the cabinet appointments made by President Cleveland. Senator Sherman introduced a joint resolution, which was laid on the table, which proposes that the terms of office of president and vice president of the Fifty-fourth congress shall continue until noon of the 30th of April, 1917; that the senators whose terms would expire on the 4th of March, 1917, shall continue in office until noon of the 30th of April, and that that time shall hereafter be substituted for the 4th of March as the commencement and termination of the official terms of the president, vice president, senators and representatives in congress. The present roll call of the senate shows 44 democrats, 39 republicans, 1 populist, 1 independent and 1 farmer's alliance and three vacancies.

The following nominations were sent to the senate on the 9th by the president: Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of state; Robert A. Maxwell, of New York, to be fourth assistant postmaster general; Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana, to be minister to Mexico; and Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts, to be consul general at London. A message was received from the president withdrawing the Hawaiian treaty, which has been pending. Adjourned until the 13th.

DOMESTIC.

In a smash-up in the Little Miami railway yards in Cincinnati Joseph Lee, Charles Walker and Patrick Donnelly were fatally injured.

The works of the Kirkham Art Tile & Pottery company at Harborton, O., were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$240,000; insurance, \$165,000.

The fire loss in the United States and Canada for February amounts to \$9,919,000, being about \$2,000,000 less than the total for February, 1912.

FRANK ECK, of Wichita, Kan., murdered his wife and then cut his throat from ear to ear in a hotel in Chicago. Jealousy was the cause.

Wren has been declared on the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers by the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad.

JAMES BAILEY, aged 67, a well-to-do farmer of Durham, Conn., was killed and his daughter fatally injured by the cars at railway crossing.

Over 300 families were rendered homeless and destitute in two districts of Lauderdale county, Miss., by the recent cyclone.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON was tendered a grand reception upon his arrival home in Indianapolis.

HARRY TEMPLE, president of the First national bank at Lexington, Neb., and his wife were fatally ill, the result of eating poison which their child playfully placed on meat afterwards eaten by its parents.

A succession of severe earthquake shocks was felt at Portland, Ore., and one building was wrecked.

The switchmen on all the railway lines running into Chicago have demanded an increase in wages.

Reports from all sections in the lake shore peach belt in Michigan say that the yield this season will be the largest for a number of years.

A bill making gambling a felony was passed by the Oklahoma legislature.

At the last session of the Fifty-second congress 425 house bills and 255 senate bills and joint resolutions became laws, making 680 acts put on the statute books as the result of the work of congress.

A poll of the new United States senate has been taken by reporters on these questions: The repeal of the Sherman law, repeal of the McKinley tariff and Hawaiian annexation. Of the 35 senators in Washington 39 favor and 23 oppose the repeal of the Sherman law, 16 being noncommittal; 41 favor and 33 oppose repeal of the McKinley tariff, while 40 favor and 20 oppose the annexation of Hawaii.

A POLICEMAN at Allegheny City, Pa., found in a clump of bushes the bodies of James Hill and Rosa Rutzler with their throats cut. Whether it was a case of murder or suicide was unknown.

FIRST VICE PRESIDENT REINHART was elected to the presidency of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road in place of Allan Marvel, deceased.

The town of Clark, Mo., was almost totally destroyed by fire.

The firm of Stich Bros., wholesale hatters in New York, failed for \$175,000, and on account of the suspension Julius Stich, the senior member, shot himself dead.

FRANK STENSEL and Mrs. Anastasia Bieschke were convicted in Chicago of the murder of John Bieschke, the woman's husband, and each sentenced to a term of forty years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. JOHN J. JONES and her 15-year-old daughter were burned to death near Mount Juliet, Tenn.

W. L. WILKINS, considered a wealthy capitalist, left Sioux City, Ia., owing over \$60,000 to creditors.

AUSTIN GIBBONS defeated Mike Daly in the thirty-first round in a fight at New Orleans for a purse of \$20,000.

The telephone patents through which the Bell Telephone company has controlled the telephone business of the country for the last twelve years has expired.

HUGH F. DEMSEY, district master workman of the Knights of Labor, and Robert Beatty, convicted of the Home-Steal (Pa.) poisonings, were taken to the penitentiary to serve their sentences of seven years each.

Rev. S. H. BUCHANAN, of the board of trustees of the Arkansas insane asylum, has confessed to the embezzlement of \$15,000 and been dismissed from the ministry by the presbytery.

Most of the inauguration nightseers have departed from Washington, but it is estimated that they have left behind them as a substantial remainder of their visit at least \$2,500,000.

The officials and employees of the agricultural department met at the residence of their late chief, ex-Secretary Rusk, and presented him with a solid silver service of five pieces.

THE United States navy gets three gunboats as the result of the conference on the naval appropriation bill. The boats are to be about 1,200 tons displacement each and to cost, exclusive of armament, within \$400,000 each.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced in the central portion of New York city and along Long Island.

The steamship Pikhueben, from Hamburg, arrived at Baltimore with the German government's exhibit for the world's fair.

MARY MONTGOMERY, a domestic in the employ of Thomas W. Corner in Pullman, Ill., was brutally outraged and murdered by a burglar.

The steamship Runic, of the White Star line, arrived in New York, bringing no news of her sister ship, the Naronie, now twenty-two days overdue. It was thought the Naronie with her entire crew of seventy had gone to the bottom.

All the union engineers on the Toledo & Ann Arbor railway went on a strike, tying up all trains except those carrying the mails.

The directors of the Western Union Telegraph company in annual meeting in New York elected T. T. Eckert president in place of Dr. Norvin Green, deceased.

EMMETT DALTON, last of the Dalton gang, in court at Independence, Kan., pleaded guilty to murder and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

BON FRIZZIMONS knocked out Jim Hall in four rounds at New Orleans, winning a purse of \$48,000.

L. K. Fohn was hanged at Magnolia, Miss., for the murder of Marshal R. A. Clay about a year ago.

GEORGE and Joseph Watkins, father and son, cotton raisers of Arkansas, were drowned in the Red river while bathing.

A CAPITALIST at Youngstown, O., said that all the money had been raised by personal friends to pay for McKimley's indebtedness caused by his endorsing for Robert L. Walker.

WHILE Jasper Young, of Brazil, Ind., was teasing his wife by snapping a revolver in her face, which he supposed to be empty, the weapon was discharged and Mrs. Young was fatally wounded. The couple had been married only a short time.

MRS. U. S. GRANT, the widow of Gen. Grant, has sold her New York home for \$130,000 and has begun negotiations for the purchase of the Blaine house in Washington, where she intends to make her home in the future.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has definitely decided and has authorized his cabinet ministers to announce to applicants for appointments that all officials now in office against whom no charges are made will be permitted to hold till their commissions expire.

The grand jury at Atlanta, Ga., indicted for murder Julia Force, who recently killed her two sisters.

The general managers of the twenty-three railroads centering in Chicago announced that they could not and would not grant the increase in wages demanded by the switchmen on their lines.

Mrs. EDGAR WOODS and four children who attempted to cross Cedar creek at Cleford, Ga., were drowned.

An earthquake shock did considerable damage in the city of Railway, N. J., and vicinity.

JUDGE WEBBER filed decisions in the celebrated tax title cases at Redwood Falls, Minn., by which title shacks are recognized by the law and more than a thousand acres of land are wrested from innocent settlers.

STATISTICS show that in the United States and Canada six out of every ten men who have reached the age of 30 are unmarried.

A PASSENGER train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad crashed into a freight train at Chaddersford Junction, Pa., killing Engineer Phillips and injuring several passengers.

The ministers at San Antonio, Tex., have inaugurated a crusade against the opening of saloons there Sunday.

Mrs. J. D. KILIAN, of Omaha, started the kitchen fire by the aid of kerosene, which exploded, probably fatally burning herself, her husband and three children, besides destroying the house and all its contents.

Mrs. SATOGLI has restored to W. S. Bowen, of West Chester, Pa., his pew in the church which was taken from him six years ago because he refused to send his child to the parochial school.

WHILE fording Little Rock creek near Hinchley, Ill., Henry Binder and H. Carlson, two well-to-do farmers, were caught in the ice and drowned.

The first of a series of gigantic real estate frauds, involving St. Paul, Chicago, New York and eastern Kentucky people, has been unearthed at St. Paul, Minn., and L. H. Cole, the alleged principal in the rascality, was under arrest.

The mail train on the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad was derailed a short distance out of Ann Arbor, Mich., by wreckers, but no one was injured.

In a fire at Danville, Tenn., two business houses, the depot, express and ticket offices and a large number of buildings were destroyed. The loss aggregates \$100,000.

PRESIDENT PALMER of the world's fair stated in New York that the closing of the exposition on Sunday was undoubtedly a settled fact.

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a bill making eight hours a day's work for state, city and town employees.

All the buildings on the extensive stock farm of George O. Wilson at Lock Haven, Md., were burned and forty-five valuable horses perished. The total loss was \$100,000.

ANOTHER Chinese highlander war has broken out in San Francisco, and the results have been two Chinamen killed and three wounded.

This time for the great naval review has been fixed as follows: At Hampton Roads April 17; in New York April 27. The Kentucky legislature has passed a bill prohibiting barbers from working on Sunday.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

At noon on the 4th in Washington Grover Cleveland was inaugurated as twenty-fourth president of the United States. The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Fuller immediately after the new president had delivered his inaugural address.

H. MACCORMIE was inaugurated at Charleston as governor of West Virginia.

LEE MANTLE (rep.), of Butte, has been appointed United States senator from Montana by Gov. Rickards.

JOSIAH EQUINCY, of Massachusetts, was formally tendered the position of assistant secretary of state by Secretary Gresham, which he accepted.

All the members of President Cleveland's cabinet took the oath of office and assumed control of their various departments.

WILLIAM GARDNER, said to have been the oldest mason in the United States, died in Portland, Ore., aged 97.

COT. O. A. TART, for many years one of the most famous and best known hotel men in the country, died in Boston, aged nearly 70 years.

AFTER taking 100 joint ballots the Washington legislature adjourned sine die without choosing a successor to United States Senator John B. Allen, whose term expired March 4.

The legislature of Kansas passed the Australian ballot law.

MAL. B. W. WOODRUFF, for thirty years a prominent figure on the American turf, died at his residence in Chicago, aged 59 years.

Mrs. MARY SMITH died at her home in New York city, aged 107 years. Mrs. Smith was born in Ireland in 1786 and came to New York in 1843.

FOREIGN.

ADVICERS from Madagascar bring news of the wreck of the French dispatch boat La Bourdonnais near the French island of St. Marie. Twenty-seven of the crew were lost.

A HURRICANE at Tamatave, on the east coast of Madagascar, wrecked several vessels and many sailors were drowned. Buildings were also leveled and many lives were lost.

OVER 300 persons were frozen to death in China during the past winter.

JAMES DEXAS and Engineer Leggett were killed and another man named Mackenzie fatally injured by the explosion of a boiler at Marlborough, Ont.

The marriage of Miss Mary McCallan, daughter of the late Gen. George B. McCallan, with Paul Desprez, attaché of the French legation at Washington, took place in Paris.

The king and queen of Portugal and Arch Duke Louis, of Austria, arrived in Rome to attend the silver wedding of the king and queen of Italy.

IN a conflict between troops and peasantry at Gonashitza, Servia, ten of the peasants were killed and seven others were wounded.

MR. CLARKE says that not only local option but Sunday closing of saloons is receiving consideration by her majesty's government.

LYCHENWARTH, a village in lower Austria, was swept by a terrific thunderstorm, twelve houses were struck and burned and five persons were perished in burning buildings.

SAMUEL C. CORNISH, of Toronto, Ont., claims to be Charles Ross, who was abducted from the residence of his father, Christian K. Ross, of Philadelphia, July 1, 1874.

LATER.

A SERIOUS and painful accident, caused by an avalanche of snow and ice from the roof of the Northwestern Cordage works, St. Paul, occurred the 10th, in which three men were seriously injured and one was slightly bruised.

The injured men were in the employ of the cordage company and were engaged in unloading a freight car standing on a side track at one end of the building and directly underneath the overhanging roof. They were John Marks, Wm. Lehman, John Foley and Joseph Mear.

The officials of the United States mint in Philadelphia, the 12th, held the largest amount of bar silver ever stored in one mint in the United States. The quantity is 110,000,000 ounces, or fully enough, with the usual alloy, to make 150,000,000 silver dollars.

The New Jersey legislature has passed a law prohibiting winter racing.

Reports from the North and South Plate country received at railroad headquarters at Omaha, the 11th, show that the heavy rains are playing havoc with the railroad property along the North Plate, South Plate and Loup rivers, bridges being torn from their moorings by the drifting ice and gorges, damming the water so that tracks are inundated and some parts abandoned.

The farmers of Polk county, Ia., have started an anti-good roads organization. They are not opposed to good roads, but they want to know who will foot the bills.

By the death of Wm. Farrell, of the Pleasant Mills Printing company of Philadelphia, Cecilia Hibbs Farrell comes into a fortune. Miss Hibbs a year ago was a typewriter for Farrell and married him, although he was 55 years old and she only 21. Farrell left his fortune of \$200,000 to his wife.

Z. S. KEYS of Chicago, the night of the 11th, while in a fit of drunken rage, shot his wife and a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Weir, and then tried to put a bullet into his own brain. It is thought that none of the shots will prove fatal.

The Chicago switchmen decided, the 12th, that they would remain at work.

The legislature of California the afternoon of the 11th passed resolutions to move the capitol from Sacramento to San Jose. The action, though hasty, appears to have been earnest. The immediate animus of the resolution was an article in a Sacramento evening paper headed, "Thank God the Legislature Will Soon Adjourn," and professing to recite various misdeeds and mistakes of the legislators.

IN ASHES.

One of Boston's Most Valuable Homes—Blocks Destroyed by Fire, Causing a Property Loss Estimated at \$4,500,000—Two Lives Lost and It Is Estimated That Will Be Much Larger—Many Persons Injured—Thrilling Scenes of Rescue—Famished Stricken Inmates Jump from Six-Story Windows.

Boston, March 11.—One of the most destructive fires in the history of Boston, next in magnitude to the famous one of Thanksgiving day, 1888, and in the same district, broke out shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, and before it was placed under control, three hours later, had burned over more than a square, had reduced to ashes several of the magnificent new buildings recently completed on the territory burned over three and a half years ago, had consumed property valued by a conservative estimate at \$4,500,000, had been attended by scenes of panic and distress never before equaled in the memory of citizens now living, and had destroyed at least two, and perhaps many, human lives, and mangled or maimed at least thirty persons, some of whom will die of their injuries.

At 4:25 o'clock the alarm was rung in from box 52. It was soon followed by a second and then a general alarm. The flames broke out in the toy department of Horace Partridge & Co., who occupied the fifth and sixth floors of the seven-story building corner of Essex and Lincoln streets, owned by F. L. Ames. The cause is at present unknown, but the start is described by those nearest it as resembling the bursting of a firecracker.

The flames spread with incredible rapidity, and in a very few moments the entire interior of the building was burning. There were many employees of the Partridge company at work at the time, and the other floors of the building were sprinkled with human beings.

The usual avenues of escape were at once cut off and then began a scramble for life which sickened beholders. The panic-stricken inmates fled to windows and roof. Some escaped by sliding down telegraph poles, others by leaping into blankets.

Several jumped to the pavement, six or eight stories, and were terribly mangled, and others—how many cannot now be told—fell back into the cauldron of flames or were overcome by the dense black smoke, which suffocated all who did not speedily escape.

The fire spread rapidly from building to building, and despite the heroic efforts of the entire fire systems of Suffolk county it was not controlled until the whole square bounded by Essex street on the north, Lincoln on the east and Kingston on the west had been leveled; also one building north of Essex street extending along Columbia street, three more on the east side of Lincoln street and one corner of the United States hotel, south of Tefft street, which corner contained the emergency hospital.

The assessed valuation of the buildings burned to the ground is in round numbers \$750,000. This sum does not include any of the damage by water.

Among the losers are the following: Woonscott Rubber company, Harbort Bros., American Machine company, Cleveland Last company, Merrick Thread company, A. Packard & Co., R. M. Appleton, Hazover Shoe company, W. C. Rogers, Larist Manufacturing company, Chaffin, Larobe & Co., United States Rubber company, Redpath Bros., S. B. Thing & Co., J. A. Jaguth, Rubber company, Taylor Machine company, Partridge & Co., Packard, Sewell & Larrabee, S. S. Fogg, H. A. Packard, Ewing Bros., Sanford Bros., J. P. Ryan, C. W. Spurr, Cape Cod Glass company, Stearns Bros., American Pie company, Otto Kreisman, D. W. Howard, Singer Manufacturing company, Walter S. Barnes.

Following is the list of dead so far as known: Leonidas H. Redpath, senior partner in the firm of Redpath Bros. Manufacturing company, died from multiple injuries in the city hospital; Fred Meadowcroft, 25 years old, jumped from the third story and fell on his head, died on the way to the hospital.

The injured so far as known number about thirty.

William S. Rumrill, of Dean, Chase & Co., says:

"I first saw a man, with his hair literally singed off his head, running up the street to the nearest fire-alarm box. I sprang to the door and saw a spectacle that appalled me. A torrent of flame was literally pouring out of the windows in the center of the second floor of the Ames building. The people inside were throwing buckets out of the window, and men and boys from the story were picking them up. Very soon up on the parapet, way up above the street, I saw four men and one woman clinging to the stone work. There was no such thing as getting a ladder up to them, owing to the network of wires. That is the worst scene for wires I have ever seen. The men were shouting, 'Get out of here! Get out of here! Get out of here!'

"We watched the quarter of eight o'clock for a few minutes only, while the crowd in the street stood in breathless silence. Then the four, one after another, jumped off. Down they came, a height of fifty-six stories, and struck solidly on the frozen ground. It was horrible. You should have heard the groan that went up from the throng in the street. Every one of the four was unconscious when rescued, and all must be terribly injured. There could hardly be a whole man to their bodies. I saw two of them rushed by on a stretcher."

Francis Gallone says:

"I was going down Summer street just as the fire started and I saw a sheet of flame shooting out halfway across the street from the second story of the building in which the Woonscott Rubber company was located. One woman and the boy were being stretched. I saw men, women and girls trying to get out of the upper stories. They were excited. I shouted to them: 'Don't jump! The ladders will be here in a minute, but they were too frightened. One man jumped from the second story and caught a wire. He hung there till exhausted and then dropped. I could not see whether the fall killed him or not. I saw another man jump to the telegraph pole. He slid down without injury. Several took horse blankets and fell to the frozen ground, and windows to drop and they would catch them. A crowd many did not, and though broken, the blankets held by stout hands broke the otherwise fatal force of their fall."

Wm. F. Faxon, former appointee.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Senators and representatives who called on President Cleveland received confirmatory evidence that Mr. Cleveland does not intend to give offices to those who had been favored under the previous democratic administration. Ex-Representative Hemphill, of South Carolina, called expressly for the purpose of ascertaining whether the report was true and he received an affirmative answer from Mr. Cleveland. It is likely, of course, that exceptions will be made in rare instances.

WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.

MADISON, Wis., March 7.—In the senate yesterday a petition was presented by Mr. Smead from eighty-seven members of the Fond du Lac university urging the passage of the bill providing for physical culture in public schools. Among other petitions received was one protesting against the repeal of laws taking away the constables' fees from officers of the Humane society. Senator Apple offered a resolution providing for the publication of the addresses in memory of the late Senator Fred Horn in pamphlet form. Bills were passed as follows: Regulating the practice of pharmacy in this state; regulating the times of holding court in the seventh judicial circuit; relating to garnishments in justices' court; amending the laws relating to guardians and wards; fixing the time for holding court in the seventeenth judicial circuit. The assembly bill, legalizing the plat of Prospect park in Lincoln county, was concurred in. Senator Phelps' resolution providing for changing the entire system of laying out assembly and senate districts and the number of legislators was indefinitely postponed.

MADISON, Wis., March 8.—The senate yesterday killed the Phipps plan for making legislative appointments to prevent gerrymandering. The committee on education was kept busy clearing a caucus, and the bill of the bill abolishing the office of county superintendent and substituting a state commission.

MADISON, Wis., March 9.—In the senate yesterday bills were passed protecting ejectment defendants in certain cases, and authorizing circuit courts to proceed with public business on legal holidays. A bill was introduced by Senator W. Murphy which provides that any person, corporation or firm selling or leasing sewing machines or household goods in this state in installments, by way of a lease or otherwise, with the understanding that the article sold shall become the property of the buyer or lessee when paid for, can only take such article away from the purchaser or lessee, in case of partial non-payment, refunding to such person the amount paid thereon, less a reasonable amount for use or injury.

MADISON, Wis., March 10.—In the senate yesterday the bill permitting gas light companies to deal in gas stores and ranges was referred to the committee on commerce and manufactures. The senate refused to concur in the bill which makes the refusal of a public school teacher to make annual reports to the county superintendent grounds for annulment of his certificate.

MADISON, Wis., March 11.—Among the measures passed in the senate yesterday was Phelan's joint resolution for the submission of an amendment to the constitution annulling the general city charter amendment adopted by the people only last fall. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 17 to 11. The assembly bill to repeal the "dog law" was killed in the senate without debate. Bills were also passed providing for the payment of referees; preventing oppressive garnishment and the transferring of claims for the purpose of depriving debtors of their exemption rights; appropriating \$2,000 to the state horticultural society; authorizing turpentine and pine sawing operations organized under general laws to purchase roads constructed under private charters, and to aid in the development of the manufacturing interests of the state.

ASSEMBLY.—MADISON, Wis., March 7.—The assembly yesterday passed a bill providing for the incorporation of trust, annuity, guaranty, safety deposit and security companies. The senate joint resolution favoring the annexation of the Hawaiian islands was read and referred to the committee on federal relations.

MADISON, Wis., March 8.—In the assembly yesterday petitions were received in opposition to the bill for a general game law, which has been approved by the state fish and game warden, and also against the employment of laborer men in this state. The bill authorizing justices of the peace to perform marriage ceremonies was reported back unfavorably by the committee. Bills were passed authorizing incorporated cities and villages to acquire title to real estate outside their corporate limits; regulating the terms of the circuit courts; making diplomas from universities and colleges a license to teach school without the countersignature of the state superintendent; and regulating the business of lawyers.

MADISON, Wis., March 9.—The house yesterday passed, by a vote of 51 to 42, the bill to allow the sale of intoxicating liquors upon the grounds of agricultural societies receiving aid from the state. Another pro-liquor bill permitting saloonists to sell under a single license liquor to be drunk either on or off the premises was passed by a vote of 52 to 30. A bill was also passed lowering the liquor license to \$100 for townships of less than 500 inhabitants and to \$200 for those with more than that number.

MADISON, Wis., March 10.—In the assembly yesterday the bill prohibiting first marriages to marry became a law without any discussion. Other bills were passed providing for the submission of book entries as evidence making the offer of judgment by one party proceedings against others; relating to the rates for selling liquor without a license. The senate bill providing that all parties selling liquor under government tax or special stamp tax shall be held subject to local license tax was killed.

MADISON, Wis., March 11.—In the assembly yesterday bills were passed relating to the appointment of a school for the deaf; relating to the adoption of children; and to the town of Coleman in Marinette county. Senate bills were concurred in to appropriate \$2,000 for the purchase of stationery for the state and to protect drains, ditches and canals.

MURDER OR SUICIDE.

An Allegheny Policeman Makes a Chastity Discovery in the Park.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 8.—While making his rounds at 10:30 Tuesday evening Lieut. Norton, of the Allegheny police department, discovered no bodies of a man and woman lying on the ground in the park on Cedar avenue, Allegheny. Upon lighting a match a horrible sight was revealed. In a clump of bushes lay the dead body of the woman with her throat cut from ear to ear and two bullet holes in her head. On looking at the man the officer discovered that his throat was also cut, but he still showed signs of life. The ambulance was summoned and the man removed to the Allegheny general hospital. Through the efforts of Dr. Huston he recovered sufficiently to tell his name and that of the woman. He said that his name was James Hill and that the woman's name was Rosa Rutzler. Both were from Tarentum, Pa. He also said that another man had committed the deed, but could give no details. A bloody knife was found near the scene, but the revolver could not be found. At 1 o'clock a. m. Hill was still living, but the doctor says it is impossible for him to live. The police authorities think that Hill committed the crime and threw the revolver away.

SCANDINAVIA sends to our shores the fewest illiterate persons—less than one per cent. of the entire emigration from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Italy sends the greatest number, upward of seventy-five per cent. of the immigrants from that country not knowing how to read or write.

RIAZ PASHA, the new Egyptian premier, is said to be a pronounced anglophobe and to be further notable for his overweening belief in himself and his inflexible tenacity of purpose.

Only one full-rigged ship was built in Maine last year.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

PARDON ASKED FOR.

The Leader of a Mob in Trempealeau County Seeking Executive Clemency.

Petitions are being circulated for the pardon of Charles Johnson, who was sentenced for life three years ago to the state prison at Waupun for leading a mob that hung one Hans Jacob Olson in the town of Preston. The trial of the prisoners attracted attention throughout the state. Johnson, Ole Sletto, Hertha Olson and Ole J. Hanson, the latter two wife and son of the murdered man, were each given life sentences. About thirty young men who had a less prominent part in the actions of the mob were arraigned on charge of riot and fined \$100 each. Johnson was a leading man in his town, and popular sympathy is with him. His wife has died since his incarceration in state prison, and his family broken up.

Starved to Death Amid Plenty.

Within 5 miles of Milton Junction and in a thickly settled part of Rock county Mrs. Ira Ames starved and froze to death. The case was reported to the authorities at Amesville and it was found that the father had spent most of his time fishing, while his wife and seven children were in a rickety shanty without fuel or food. The youngest child died a week ago and was buried under the snow by the father in a soap box.

Causes Producing Tramps.

At the state conference of charities and reform in Madison Prof. A. C. Wright spoke of "Tramps and Their Treatment." The causes producing the tramps he regards as the following:

"The evil effects of city life on children; the wandering disposition inherited from our ancestors; the continual breaking down of young men through the effects of drunkenness; the labor troubles; criminal classes who drift into tramps for a portion of their life, and our bad system of caring for criminals."

Runaway Girls Captured.

Issue Silha reported to the police in Eau Claire that his daughter Maggie was missing from his home and that he thought she had run away with Annie Miller. He also missed \$102 in money and a check for \$76. Mr. Silha swore out a warrant charging the girls with larceny. A telegram from Fall Creek said they were under arrest there. They are about 18 years old and were on the way to Chicago.

He Has Tough Bones.

While coupling cars at Rhinelander Vane Jones, a Lake Shore switchman, slipped and fell across the rails and the wheels of a box car passed over his right leg, mangle it considerably. No bones were broken and he will not lose the

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

"Cousin Fred"



It was a stormy twilight in February, the air full of the dreary atmosphere of a newly fallen snow, the huge pine trees of the northern woods withering themselves about like giants in extremity, and the Maryville stage had just come in with two passengers.

Ladies, both of them; one, apparently thirty years old, the other, scarcely seventeen; and as they sat there warming themselves by the hotel fire, the landlord touched his wife's shoulder, and whispered to her: "Furriers!"

For there was something in the cut of their curious fur-lined draperies, the shape of their neat crapes hats, the very way in which they unconsciously carried themselves, which was as foreign as the *Muscadine* itself, although there was no accent in their voices as they questioned whether any conveyance from Barnet Hill had been sent to meet them. And the landlord was right; for Genevieve and Geneva Allaire were the daughters of American parents, born in sunny France. Orphaned and alone, they were coming to America to claim the protection of a relative of their mother. "Cousin Fred," as they had been taught to call him.

"Do you suppose he will be good to us?" Genevieve, the dimpled seventeen-year-old, asked, as she sat with her cheek against Genevieve's shoulder.

"I hope so, darling," said the older. "No one but a brute could be unkind to you."

For little golden-haired, rose-lipped Genevieve was one of those human sunbeams who take every heart by storm, and in her deep mourning she looked even sweeter and more attractive than her ordinary wont. And dark-eyed Genevieve, thirteen years older than her sister, had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

"I wonder if he is a cross old crab," purred Genevieve, as she drank the tea brought to her by the landlady, and basked in the welcome warmth of the blazing logs, "or a whimsical old bachelor, full of caprices. Oh, Genevieve! Don't you dread to meet him?" Genevieve smiled.

"Little one," said she, "don't fret. Whatever happens, we shall be together, and—"

But, just then, the landlady came bustling in.

"The double sleigh from Barnet Hill, ladies," he said, rubbing his hands. "And Mr. Barnet himself has come."

Close on the landlady's words came Mr. Barnet, of Barnet Hill, a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with bright brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, keen, black eyes and features clear and perfect as those of the Apollo Belvidere.

"Are these my cousins?" he said, pleasantly. "You are welcome to Barnet, Genevieve and Geneva."

Instinctively, little Genevieve put her hand to her disheveled curls. Had she expected to see anyone but a wrinkled, old sexagenarian, she would have taken more pains with her toilet. But Genevieve rose and smilingly put her hand into the extended palm of her cousin.

It was a long, snowy drive to Barnet Hill, but Genevieve declared, joyfully, that it was worth it all, when they were ushered into the great, old-fashioned drawing-room with its blazing canal-coal fires, its yellow-satin curtains and the moss-soft carpet on which the footfall made no sound.

"Do you know," said Cousin Fred, laughing, "that I was expecting to see two little school-girls in short frocks and thick boots?"

"And do you know," retorted Genevieve, "that our minds were fully prepared to behold a rheumatic old gentleman with a crutch?"

And in fifteen minutes they were on the footing of old friends.

But they had scarcely lived six months at Barnet Hill before the inevitable "little cloud like a man's hand" arose on their atmosphere.

"Genevieve," said Mr. Barnet, rather gravely, one day, "I wish you would warn dear little Gypsy against that Capt. Allaire. He's a pleasant, amusing fellow, I know; but he's secretly the person I should select for any girl's husband."

"Yes, Cousin Fred, I will speak to her," said Genevieve, sighing softly, as she wondered what spell Genevieve possessed to win all hearts to herself, from stately Cousin Fred to the handsome, dashing young captain of artillery. "But have you reasoned with her on the subject?"

"Half a dozen times," said Barnet. "But she only laughs at me."

Genevieve was silent. She wondered if popular rumor was correct, and if Frederick Barnet really did love little Genevieve so hopelessly, so dearly.

Genevieve came home late that evening in the rosy sunset, with scarlet willow-blossoms in her hair.

"I have been to the village," she said, "with Capt. Allaire."

"Oh, Genevieve! pleaded the elder sister. "When Fred thinks—"

"I don't care what Fred thinks," interrupted the beauty, with a toss of her head. "Listen, Genevieve, I have a secret to tell you: I was married to Capt. Allaire this afternoon."

"Married?" echoed Genevieve. "Oh, Genevieve!"

"Look at my wedding-ring," said the wild little gypsy, holding up her pretty, taper finger. "Yes, married—really and actually married! I am Mrs. Allaire now," with an amusing assumption of maternal dignity.

"But Cousin Fred—"

"Cousin Fred may help himself if he can," said Genevieve, audaciously. "Perhaps you don't know, Jenny, that Cousin Fred himself means to be married very soon."

Genevieve turned pale. "You can't mean that!"

"Poor little Genevieve!" consoled Genevieve. "But you will not lose your home. You must come and live with me and Charley."

"I could not do that," said Genevieve, giddy and confused with the unexpected succession of startling news.

"I heard the old housekeeper talking to the coachman, when I was waiting, down behind the shrubbery, for Capt. Allaire to come," said Genevieve, with a nod of her pretty head. "She said that he had told her himself and had instructed her what rooms to prepare and what alterations to make in the household arrangements for his coming marriage."

"I wonder who it can be?" said Genevieve, sadly.

"Miss Hillyard, of course," said Genevieve, "or else that beautiful Mrs. St. Dean. But the least thing he could have done was to have confided in us. I think, and that's one reason I decided to elope. And Charley is coming up this evening, and we are to take the train to St. Vincent, and, oh! dear Jenny," with a burst of sparkling tears, "the world is so full of happiness to me!"

Cousin Fred listened very philosophically to Genevieve's confession, half an hour later.

"Married, are you?" said he. "Well, if you had asked my advice, I should have given a contrary verdict. But, as you didn't consult me, I shall have to be like the 'heavy fathers' on the stage and give you my blessing. Allaire is a clever fellow enough, although he has been very gay, and I hope you will steady him down, at last."

So, the newly-married pair went away, as thoughtlessly happy as two school children out for a picnic, and Genevieve was left alone with Fred, to wonder how she could best break to him the resolution at which she had arrived. For she knew that she could never remain at the Hill when beautiful Mrs. St. Dean or Albia Hillyard should either of them be the mistress there.

"It would kill me," she thought, clasping her hands. "Yes, it would kill me!"

Mr. Barnet had turned kindly to her, and led her to a seat beside the window.

"You are pale, Genevieve," he said. "Your hands are as cold as ice. Surely, you do not take this mad freak of little Gypsy's so bitterly to heart? Never fear for her; she's a butterfly who will slip away from all life's garden ground. Her nature is light and frothy; far different, Genevieve, from yours. Sit down, little cousin; I have much to say to you."

"Now," thought poor Genevieve, with her color changing from scarlet to white—"now it is ending! I shall be politely dismissed from the only home I have!"

"Genevieve," said he, "do you think it would be a wild and foolish dream for me to think of marriage?"

"You? Oh, no," she answered, trying to smile.

"But I am three and thirty."

"You are only in the prime and fullness of life," she responded, "for a man. With women," sighing softly, "everything is so different. But, Cousin Fred, if you really intend marrying—"

"I really do," he said, smiling gravely.

"Then I shall not be longer in your way."



"DO YOU REALLY MEAN ME?"

way," she said, valiantly. "I will leave Barnet Hill at once."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do, Genevieve," he said, with her hand still closely held in his. "Dear, solemn little woman, is it possible that you don't comprehend what I mean?"

"You think," with a startled look, "that I can be useful about the house?"

"Must I say it in so many words, Genevieve?" he asked. "Shall I go down on my knees, like the heroes of romance, and say: 'Sweetheart, will you be my wife?'"

Genevieve started to her feet in a panic.

"Do you really mean—me?" cried Genevieve.

"I really mean—you," he said, resolutely, holding her fast, when she would have flown from him. "Little girl, then you never have suspected how dearly I love you!"

So they were married; and when Genevieve knew it she cried out, laughing:

"Well, there is hope for the oldest of old maids, now that our Jenny is married!"

For this seventeen-year-old beauty could hardly realize that true love exists for anyone over twenty years old!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE SCALE OF JUSTICE.

Little Things Which Operated to Save or Take Away Life.

The question whether the person who fires a gun or pistol at another during a dark night can be identified by means of the light produced in the discharge has long interested medico-legal minds. The question was first referred to the class of physical science in France, and they answered it in the negative. A case attending to show that their decision was erroneous was subsequently reported by Fodere. A woman positively swore that she saw the face of a person who fired at another during the night surrounded by a kind of glory and that she was thereby enabled to identify the prisoner. This statement was confirmed by the deposition of the wounded man.

A case is quoted by Fomblaque in which some police officers were shot at by a highwayman on a dark night. One of the officers stated that he could distinctly see from the flash of the pistol that the robber rode a dark-brown horse of remarkable shape about the head and shoulders, and that he had since identified the horse in a London stable. This evidence was accepted, for it was considered more satisfactory than that of the man who swore that he recognized a robber by the light produced by a blow on his eye in the dark.

In a case of murder by strangulation the woman who perpetrated the crime had been a nurse in an infirmary and accustomed to lay out dead bodies. After the murder she carried out unthinkingly her professional practice by smoothing the clothes under the body of her victim, placing the legs at full length, the arms out straight by the side and the hands open. The doctor who was called in at once declared such a condition of the body was inexplicable on the supposition of suicide, considering the amount of violence that must have attended the strangulation.

In another case the criminal had attempted to make the death appear like the act of suicide by placing the lower end of the rope near the hand of the deceased, but he selected the left hand, whereas the deceased was right-handed, and he did not leave enough rope for either hand to grasp in order to produce the very violent constriction of the neck which had been caught by the two coils on the rope. A surgeon pointed out these things. Both criminals confessed their crimes before execution.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm, and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed. M. Leroy applied strong friction to the skin of the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines as electricities, with a slight bluish tint. By this means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict and he was released.

A trial took place at the Old Bailey in London at which the late Mr. Carpus, the surgeon, was able to rescue a man who was wrongly charged with being a convict and with having unlawfully returned from transportation. The chief clerk of Bow-street police station produced a certificate, dated seventeen years before of the conviction of a person, alleged to be the prisoner, under the name of Stuart. The governor of the jail in which Stuart was confined believed the prisoner to be the person who was then in his custody. The guard of the hulks to which Stuart was consigned from the jail swore positively that the prisoner was Stuart. On cross-examination of the guard he admitted that Stuart had a wen on his left hand, and so well marked was it that it formed a part of his description on the books of the convict hulk. The prisoner said his name was Stippler; he denied that he was the person named Stuart, but he could not bring forward any confirmatory evidence because such a number of years had elapsed. The recorder was proceeding to charge the jury when the counsel for the defense requested permission to put a question to an eminent surgeon, Mr. Carpus, who happened to be in court. He deposed that it was impossible to remove such a wen as had been described without leaving a mark or cicatrix. Both hands of the prisoner were examined, but no wen nor any mark of a wen having been removed was found.

The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet, having clogged blood and hair adherent to it, was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who had chance to be in the court-room it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance led to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with the hatchet, and had carelessly thrown the weapon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.—Toronto Mail.

American Public Libraries.

Our public libraries in this country beat the world, but there are certain advantages in an institution like the London library, a subscription concern which we may well envy. It is an institution of eminent respectability, for Lord Tennyson was its president, Mr. Gladstone one of its vice-presidents and Sir John Lubbock and Lord Rosebery are of its trustees. For three pounds a year one obtains the privilege of this splendid library of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and may take out ten volumes if he is a town member and fifteen if he lives in the country—of course with all the usual reading-room privileges of a great library.—Chicago Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

—The easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people.—Ran's Horn.

—The greatest part of a self-willed man's estate usually goes to the lawyers.—Troy Press.

—Gazzam is going to spin us a yarn. "How do you know?" "He is knitting his brow."—Wail.

—Out of Sight.—Would-be Tragedian.—"What do you like me in best?" Caustic Critic.—"The wings."—Puck.

—The pen is mighty, and some persons carry around suggestions of the one they live in, wherever they may go.—Truth.

—A man is never quite successful in concealing his love for a woman till after he has married her.—Elmira Gazette.

—She—"Don't you think D'Auber's pictures of animals are natural?" He—"They are certainly beastly."—N. Y. Tribune.

—"It is better to give than to receive." This is especially true with regard to sarcastic remarks of a personal nature.—Boston Transcript.

—About the first thing one has to do when he starts out to attend to his own business is to leave the business of other people alone.—Galveston News.

—"I've decided to go to the masquerade ball. Now, what would you suggest as a perfect disguise?" "Totten."—Go as a gentleman.—Inter-Ocean.

—"I always weigh my words," said the Boston lady. "You must need hay-scales for some of them," replied her impertinent nephew.—Washington Star.

—"What makes you think the world is changing?" "Why, I've had a bad cold for two whole days and nobody has offered me a sure cure for it."—N. Y. Press.

—"Uncle, do dogs get married?" "No, my child, certainly not." "Then what right has Nettle to growl at Rover while they are eating their breakfast?"—The Mid-Continent.

—"It must be dreadful when a professional singer knows that she has lost her voice." "But it is still more dreadful when she is not aware of the fact."—Humorist's Blatter.

—Pond Mother (of delicate dude)—"I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise?" Old Gent (reflectively)—"He might do nicely as a typewriter girl."

—The Wife—"The night you were away, John, the baby cried for nearly seven hours." The Husband—"Why didn't you tell him I wasn't here? He would have stopped then."—Life.

—Woman—"What a shocking coat." Tramp—"My dear madam, while I am no great respecter of conventionalities I can not bring myself to make an elaborate toilet until after dinner."—Detroit Tribune.

—Mr. Van Hattian—"How did you enjoy our pawk, Miss Westly?" Miss Westly (from Chicago)—"Oh, you can't beat us on pork!" Mr. Van Hattian—"Aw, pawdno! I refer to Central Pawk."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—"John," she said, "there's nothing that I enjoy more than reading the last words of great men. I wonder what your last words will be?" "Marlah," he replied, "the last word is something that I never expect to have." And this was the first time on record that he got it.—Washington Star.

HOW AN OYSTER GROWS.

Each Overlapping Layer of Shell Means a Year of Age.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that two million would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover half a crown, and in twelve months a crown piece. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small.

It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth. Everyone who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other.

These are technically termed shots, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined.

Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than nine hundred years old.

One to two million oysters are produced from a single parent, and their scarcely is accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster-eating animal.

The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of which is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.—Boston Globe.

Right-Eyed or Left-Eyed.

There are but few ambidexter, either in the matter of hands, feet or eyes. It may sound rather queer, but it is a fact nevertheless, that ninety-five out of every one hundred human beings are right-handed, left-legged and left-eyed. Felix Hement, who knows more about eyes in a minute than half of the opticians and oculists of the country have been able to learn in a lifetime, remarks that it is an established fact that we all use one eye more than we do the other, which establishes clear a case of "left and right-eyedness" as though the same terms were used to denote a preference in the use of hands and feet. If you want to decide as to whether your friends or relatives are right or left-eyed, give them a small telescope or spy-glass to look through, or have them take "aim" with a gun. We all take great interest in ascertaining the color, size, shape and visual powers of our children's eyes, but how many of us stop to consider whether they are "right" or "left-eyed?"—St. Louis Republic.

THE TASTES OF CHILDREN.

They Ought to Be Consulted in Matters Where They Have a Preference.

A great many good people in the world are inclined to look slightly upon childish tastes and childish preferences, as though they were in themselves so frivolous as to be unworthy of all notice. Yet there are few grown-up people to-day who can not recall acute suffering in childhood because of a total disregard of these same tastes and preferences. The tastes of the woman are quite likely to be the tastes of the child, modified only by years and experience.

A story to illustrate this is told of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, whose queenly mother kept her under somewhat rigid discipline, even after she had arrived at the age when young ladies usually have somewhat of their own way in the matter of dress and surroundings. The marriage of the princess royal had already been agreed upon, and the princess, when visiting an attractive lingerie shop, ordered a large amount of dainty, attractive garments, which were entirely different from the stiff, old-fashioned linen which the queen had always insisted upon for her family. No sooner were the garments sent home than the royal mother returned them in a spirit of indignation, and ordered for her daughter a duplicate of the queer, old-fashioned trousseau which she had had made for her wedding so many years ago. These princesses must be content with, though, if report says true, she shed many tears over them, and after her marriage she disposed of them as quickly as possible and bought dainty clothes to suit her taste, which had something of the French chic and air about them.

The old-fashioned idea that there was something sinful in pretty clothes or that one was pandering to vanity and folly in consulting the taste in matters of dress has passed away. There is no possible harm in allowing a little girl who has ideas of her own to have considerable freedom in the choice of her belongings. She should be guided, of course, by the means at hand and by the judgment of older people as to the utility of what she chooses. But it is a cruelty to compel her to wear anything which she instinctively dislikes as old-fashioned and ugly when it is just as easy to get her something that will please her fancy and in which she will never feel ill at ease.

The proverbial ease of manner of the dweller of the city may be, after all, but a consciousness of appearing well, while the awkwardness of his country brother may just as naturally be due to a consciousness of ill-fitting attire. The town urbanity, which originally meant city bred, has in its natural sequence come to mean a tranquil and polished demeanor. Now, if you wish to make a little girl awkward, dress her against her own protests in clumsy attire. Not all the teachers of deportment can overcome the shyness that will be bred of her young impressions. No wise persons can fail to appreciate the value of ease and polish of manner. It takes years sometimes to overcome the self-consciousness which begins in childhood as the result of this kind of petty household tyranny, which utterly overlooks the individuality and tastes of the child and consults only the convenience of the moment.

Let the little daughters and sons of the house have rooms of their own as soon as they are able to take proper care of them. Let them be consulted in the furnishing of the room. Yield something, where it is not inconsistent with economy, to their tastes, so that the room may be their very own. Let them bring their friends there. Do not buy clothes for any girl of an age to have tastes of her own without consulting her. Even boys sometimes have decided ideas in the matter of dress, though they are proverbially more indifferent than girls. The daughters and sons in such a home usually find home the sweetest place.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Odd Outfit.

Mr. Dennett, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., who supplies the cottagers with milk, eggs and garden truck, has a rig that attracts a good deal of attention. It consists of a two-year-old bull with a ring in his nose, bearing a crooked yoke on his neck, harnessed to a flat-bottomed cart which will float in the water. The animal is driven by Mr. Dennett like a horse. Reins of rope are attached to the ring of the bull's nose; they pass up over the horns through rings attached to them. With this queer team Mr. Dennett makes the trip to the beach two or three times a week, fording the Sperrink river at high tide. The bull swims the river like a dog and the cart floats like a boat and will sustain the weight of Mr. Dennett and his load of produce safely. When Mr. Dennett and his unique team are seen approaching the cottagers through the banks of the river in order to see him make the passage.—N. Y. Sun.

They Naturally Expected It.

George (fixing the kitchen stove)—Why, the dam—

"George!" exclaimed his mother, reprovingly.

George—"Pshaw! the dam—"

"Why, George?" screamed his sisters, how can you?

George—"Why, hang it all, I was only going to say that the dam—"

Izzie—How can—

George (continuing desperately)—That the damper is turned off, and there is no draught. What's the matter you all?—Drake's Magazine.

In Hard Luck.

Architect's Wife—You look distressed. What's happened?

Architect (despondently)—I've just found out that Mr. Shortcass hasn't credit enough to make his new house a credit to me.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Irate Father—"See here, young man, when I tell you to do a thing, I want you to do it at once." Dutiful Son—"What did you tell me to do?" Irate Father—"I forget now; but I want it done."

BECOMING A CHIEF.

The Arduous Road to Honor and Distinction Among the Osageans.

A man became a candidate for the order of Ne'-ka-ga-ha-Sha'-bae by having accomplished certain acts called wa-thin'-a-thae, a word, indicating that a gift of prescribed articles has been made under certain circumstances, in accordance with ancient custom. When a man could count publicly one hundred wa-thin'-a-thae, he was entitled to enter the order through certain initiatory rites. His further promotion in the order was gained by his being able to count more than the required hundred of these acts; the greater the number, the higher the rank secured.

The prescribed articles used as gift in the wa-thin'-a-thae were eagles, eagle war-bonnets, quivers (including bows and arrows), catlinite pipes with ornamental stems, wa-wan pipes, tobacco pouches, otter-skins, buffalo robes, ornamental shirts and leggings. In older times burden-bearing dogs, tents, and pottery were in the list; these have been replaced more recently by horses, guns, blankets, red and blue cloth, silver medals and brass kettles. Each of these articles, if presented to a chief, counted one; but if given to a man without rank, the gift won for the giver reputation only, and could not be regarded as wa-thin'-a-thae. The gifts to chiefs were in recognition of the governing power to which the aspirant thus paid tribute. It is worthy of notice that all of the raw material used in construction, as well as the unmanufactured articles, were such as required of the man prowess as a hunter, care and industry in accumulating, and valor as a warrior. To obtain many of these things he had to travel far, and he was not only exposed to danger from enemies while securing them, but in bringing them home. Moreover, as upon the men devolved the arduous task of procuring all the meat needed for food, and the pelts used to make clothing, bedding and tents, and as there was no medium for the exchange of labor in a tribe, such as money affords, each household had to provide from the very foundation, so to speak, every article it used or consumed. It will be seen that persistent work on the part of the men was necessary not only to provide food and clothing for the daily use of the family, but to accumulate the surplus necessary to afford leisure for the construction of the articles to be counted as wa-thin'-a-thae. The men made the bows and arrows, the war-bonnets, and the pipes; the ornamentation was the woman's task; her deft fingers prepared the porcupine quills, but her husband or brother had first to catch the wary little animal. For the slow task of embroidering with the dyed quills, she needed leisure and a home well stocked with food and securely defended from lurking war-parties. A cowardly, lazy fellow, or an impulsive, imprudent Indian, could in no way acquire the property represented in the gifts. A thrifty man could seldom count his one hundred until well on in middle life, even though he wasted no opportunity. The stimulus to reach honors kept the tribe active and industrious; and the men who obtained high rank in chieftaincy reached that grade only by a slow process representing work and ability.—Miss Fletcher, in Century.

THE LITTLE TOE.

Gradual Degeneration of that Member in Footed Man.

The whole history of the organism bears testimony to the marvelous persistence of parts in spite of continually and disuse. Take, for example, the present position of the little toe in man. We know not the condition of this digit in prehistoric man, and have but little information as to its state among savage tribes at the present day, but we do know that in civilized peoples, whose feet are from infancy subjected to conditions of restraint, it is an imperfect organ—

of every function shorn Except to act as basis for a corn.

In one per cent. of adults the second and third joints have ankylosed, in three per cent. the joint between them is rudimentary, with scarcely a trace of cavity, in twenty per cent. of feet the organ has lost one or more of its normal complement of muscles. But though shorn of some elements, and with others as mere shreds, the toe persists, and he would be a bold prophet who would venture to forecast how many generations of footed ancestry would suffice to eliminate it from the organization of the normal man.—Alexander Macalister, in Popular Science.

Matrimonial Amenities.

Mr. Jason—Why ain't supper ready, I want to know?

Mrs. Jason—I was down town and got caught in the rain without an umbrella and had to wait in a store until the storm was over.

"So you did have sense enough to get in out of the rain, eh? Well, you are not an entire fool."

"No, only the better half of one."—Texas Siftings.

Sounded Just Like Him.

Wife—John, I read in the morning paper that a very badly intoxicated man fell out of the fifth-story window of one of the downtown hotels and was killed. Nobody can identify him.

Husband—Well, what of that?

Wife—I wish you'd go down to the morgue and see if it isn't you?—Texas Siftings.

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FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH



Sunday Services:
Preaching, 10:30 a.m.
Sunday School, 12 m.
Jr. Union, 3 p.m.
Service, 6:30 p.m.
Preaching, 7:30 p.m.
TUESDAY:
B.Y.P.U. M'g 7:30 p.m.
THURSDAY:
Prayer M'g 7:30 p.m.

—ALL ARE INVITED—

H. A. BUZZELL, Pastor.

"Revival and Personal Work" subject of sermon Sunday morning. In the evening we join in the Union Services at the Congregational church.

Howard Robbins is in town for a few days.

Ed. Berry returned from Dakota Tuesday night.

Dave Kingstey spent Sunday with his family at New London.

F. A. Hildebrand and family are visiting friends in Oshkosh.

We are informed that the schools will all be opened again next Monday.

Dr. Muggley, an expert optician from Chicago, will be at Egloff's jewelry store next week.

Richard Reed and son, Howard, are in Milwaukee and Chicago, this week, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Squiers are "at home" to their friends at the residence of J. B. Schell.

Frank Davis, of Galesville, Wis., was in town Wednesday selling flour and feed to our merchants.

W. H. Brown started Tuesday night for a two weeks' business trip to Milwaukee and Chicago.

Mrs. Naven left Monday night for Muskegon, Mich., for a visit of several weeks with her daughter.

Miss Lord returned from Antigo Saturday, where she had been visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. C. Lewis.

Luther Wheeler spent Sunday in Appleton with friends. He was on deck at the First National Monday morning.

Mrs. Jas. W. McCormick left for Indiana, last Thursday, for a visit at the old homestead. She will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Jay Bowerman left last Friday morning for an extended visit with friends and relatives in Ishpeming, Mich.

Tomahawk elected C. A. Ayer, democrat, for mayor of their city, at the election last Tuesday. He defeated Hugh Rodgers by 65 votes.

The saloon building occupied by P. Lavin on Brown street, caught fire from a defective stove Tuesday afternoon, and but for the timely arrival of a pail of water would have suffered great damage. As it was, the blaze was quickly extinguished.

Last Sunday evening the first of the series of revival meetings was held at the Congregational church, and Rev. Hartough was greeted with a crowded house. The attendance during the week has not been as large, owing to the severe storms of Monday and Tuesday.

Two weeks from next Tuesday is town election, and as yet not a name has been mentioned to fill the important positions. Several of the old members will undoubtedly be re-elected, provided they will consent to become candidates. The many friends of Anderson Brown would like to see him head the ticket again, as they know him to be a man of sound business judgment, and that the affairs of the town would be safe in his hands.

For clerk we know of no one who would fill the office better than W. W. Carr, the present incumbent. He has filled the office for several years, and has made a competent and accommodating clerk, and in all probability will be continued in the office. It is thought there will be no opposition to the re-election of Alex. Sutton for treasurer, as he has performed the duties of that office in a faithful and first-class manner.

As J. T. Hagan, the present assessor, has removed to Woodboro, a new man will have to be elected to this office. It is important to have a good man in this position, and one who has a good idea of the value of property of different kinds. The fairness of the assessment and the correctness of the tax roll depends in a great measure upon the work of the assessor and clerk.

Miss Ella Beers is in Chicago buying new goods this week.

A. W. Shelton is again on deck after a few days sickness with grippe this week.

All parties troubled with their eyes are advised to call on Dr. Muggley at Egloff's jewelry store next week.

Mr. Marchetti, of the firm of Barden, Mylrea & Marchetti, of Wausau, attended to legal business in Rhinelander yesterday.

Frank Dolk, who has been employed in the coat and vest department at Schell's during the past winter, went to Ashland Monday to accept a similar position.

Do not fail to call on Dr. Muggley and have your eyes examined, as all work done by him is guaranteed satisfactory or no pay. He will be at Egloff's jewelry store next week.

G. W. Bishop spent Sunday with his wife in Milwaukee, who is receiving medical treatment at St. Mary's hospital. He is still at Madison, and will remain while the fight for Rhinelander lasts.

Brown Bros. logging camp at State Line, under the charge of Mike Short, got in its full cut of timber last week and broke camp. Most of the men came to Rhinelander, and will undoubtedly have work in the mill as soon as it starts up.

A great epidemic has caught Rhinelander this spring, and it is likely to hold on until warm weather sets in and drives a baby carriage into every household where it is needed, from Pingry & Co.'s large stock. Cold weather has no hold on them. Monday they sold four. They have a large line of them yet on hand.

Rhinelander is gaining considerable notoriety nowadays as a health resort, a place where the sick and afflicted can come, breathe the fresh invigorating atmosphere, get well, and go—or stay—as they see fit. The writer was in conversation a few days ago with a gentleman from Grand Rapids, Mich., who had been given up by physicians there as incurable, from a stomach disease. He was unable to hold anything on his stomach except toast and that only for a short time. Business pursuits brought him to this city, and it was not long before he discovered that his eating propensities had enlarged to remarkable proportions. He is now perfectly able to eat a good hearty meal, keep it down, and want more. He is enthusiastic in his praise of Rhinelander, its climate and everything pertaining thereto, and has come to the conclusion that he doesn't want any more of Michigan in his life.

A Mr. Lathrop, of Ellwood, Mich., will build a genuine lumberman's camp to be exhibited at the World's fair. It will be of rough cut logs 24x62 feet. In the center of the camp will be a monster fire place 4x6 feet, with a chimney of tamarac logs lined with mud. A double tier of bunks will be built upon one side. The floor of maple, hemlock logs for the wall, gables of Norway pine and the shingles hand shaved old fashioned shaker shingles. There will be a display of axes, pike poles, perles and other lumbering tools, and in the cook's cabin the cooking utensils of a lumber camp. On the ground around the camp will be a load of logs scaling 36,000 feet, with logging timber, engine and other equipments. It will be an interesting sight to not only those who never saw a lumber camp, but those who have spent many winters in them in Wisconsin, at seeing something in that busy locality that so reminds them of home. Many a practical woodsman will enter it and have vividly brought to his mind the many interesting scenes connected with actual life in a logging camp.—Marquette Eagle.

Tomorrow is St. Patrick's day, and it will be appropriately observed here. A nice program has been prepared, and will be given at the New Grand at 8:30 p. m., as follows:
Address.....Judge J. W. McCormick.
Piano Solo.....Miss Julia Curran.
Quartette.....Messdames Shuckley, Lawson, Messrs. Ulrich, Bingham.
Recitation.....Miss Katie Hagan.
Song.....Miss Grace Dunn.
Piano Duet.....Flora and Joe Pilon.
Song and Dance.....Geo. Lambert.
Mandolin and Guitar.....Tomes and Squier.
Solo.....Mrs. Schlessman.
Quartette.....Mrs. Jas. Harrigan.
Piano Solo.....F. C. Ulrich.
The Catholic ladies will serve supper at the Grand Opera House from 6 to 8 p. m.

Now is the time to buy your

Winter Clothing

Select From the

Best Assortment in Town

..... It Costs no Mor.

AT W. L. BEERS'.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

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P. M. in school immediately after morning ser-
vice.

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8:30 P. M.; Vespers and Benediction Sunday at
8 P. M.
REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.
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vice at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30 P. M.
in school immediately after morning ser-
vice.
REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor.

Baptist Church Calendar.
SUNDAY.
Public Service and Sermon..... 11:00 A. M.
Sunday School..... 12:00 M.
Song and Praise Service..... 5:45 P. M.
Public Service and Sermon..... 7:30 P. M.
TUESDAY.
Young People's Meeting..... 7:30 P. M.
THURSDAY.
General prayer meeting..... 7:30 P. M.
All are invited. All are welcome.

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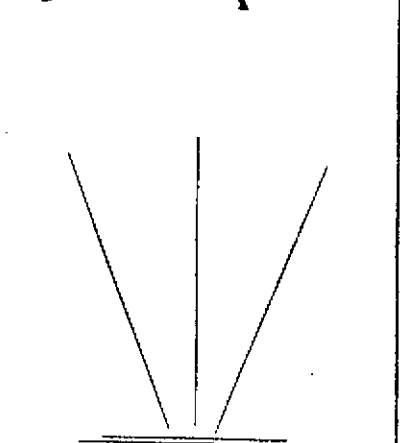
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on having Chamberlain's Cough Rem-
edy and do not want any other,"
says John V. Bishop, of Portland
Mills, Indiana. That is right. They
know it to be superior to any other
for colds, and as a preventive and
cure for croup, and why should they
not insist upon having it. 50 cent
bottles for sale by J. Y. Potter Co.
Drug Store.

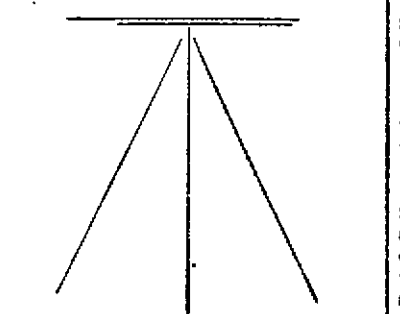
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There must be some ad-
vantage to a buyer in a large
and well selected stock of
goods over that of a handfull
of merchandise. Everybody
takes into account that the
larger a merchant buys the
better prices he gets and in
return the better prices he can
give to his customers. Just
take into account that we have
opened 200 pieces of the latest
things in dress goods, 300
pieces of Hamburg Embroid-
ery (we blundered onto a great
bargain in Hamburgs, 100
pieces at 10 cts., 100 at 5 cts.,
worth 15 and 9 and cheap at
that), 57 cases of shoes and 15
cases of hats, one carload of
nails, one carload of mixed
hardware, one carload of build-
ing paper and ten thousand
things that you want to buy
at the cheapest place. The
best place to buy your Flour
and Groceries is at our place.

Choice Butter, Fresh
Eggs, all kinds of vegetables.
Special price made on Apples
in barrel lots, all repacked.

Don't be bashful but come
forward and benefit yourself
by buying low.



Spafford & Cole.

A Minnesota paper had this very
explanatory sketch in a recent issue
in regard to a suit for the site of a
dam in that section, which would
seem to apply to a dam suit in the
neighborhood of Minocqua:
The reader must bear in mind that
there is a "dam site" involved in this
suit, and many witnesses had to be
examined. Some swore that the
damed water overflowed the low-
lands, which was not only ruinous
to their pasture land but a dam nu-
isance as well. Others testified that
the dam proprietors had not raised
the water in the dam; that they had
known the dam well for years and it
was no higher. Thus it was shown
that there were dam cranks on both
sides. So you see it made a lengthy
dam suit. Whoever wins will learn
that it was an expensive dam affair.

The Davis Bros., of Neenah, pro-
prietors of the Winnebago paper mills,
have secured several property hold-
ings at the Little Kaukauna dam,
and contemplate the erection of a
pulp mill there this season, provided
they can make satisfactory arrange-
ments with the Green Bay & Missis-
sippi Canal Company for power.
The head of water at Little Kauka-
na is about eight feet deep. In case
they do not locate there, it is prob-
able they will build the mill some-
where in the north.—Evening Wis-
consin.

It would be advisable for the Ad-
vancement Association to write to
Davis Bros., and in case the arrange-
ments cannot be made at Kaukauna,
endeavor to have them locate at
Rhinelander. All the necessary facili-
ties are here, and there is no reason
why we should not boast of a paper
mill.

At a meeting of Laraway Tent K.
O. T. M. of this city, the following
resolutions were passed:
Whereas, for the first time since the organiza-
tion of this Tent, the grim messenger of death
has passed over our out post and entered our lines
and taken away from our beloved brother, Sir
Knight W. A. Lane, who departed this life
March 11th, 1898, therefore, be it
Resolved, that we extend to his bereaved
family our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further
Resolved, that this Tent has lost a good and
efficient member whose death we all deeply
mourn, and
Resolved, that we charter be draped in
mourning for the period of sixty days in token of
respect for our departed brother; and that a copy
of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved
family, and also printed in our city papers and
the Bee Hive.
P. A. BROWN,
E. L. DIMICK, Com.

Three days is a very short time in
which to cure a bad case of rheumat-
ism; but it can be done, if the
proper treatment is adopted, as will
be seen by the following from James
Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ill.: "I
was badly afflicted with rheumatism
in the hips and legs, when I bought a
bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm.
It cured me in three days. I am all
right to-day; and would insist on
every one who is afflicted with that
terrible disease to use Chamberlain's
Pain Balm and get well at once." 50
cent bottles for sale by J. Y. Pot-
ter Co. Drug Store.

Hard Luck of Two Lucky Men.
Early in the present century two
brothers of the peasant class were labor-
ing in the fields when their tools struck
against a metallic substance, which
proved to be a massive chain many
pounds in weight which they took to be
of brass and carried away with them,
thinking it might be useful as a plow
chain. On reaching their humble cot-
tage the weight and luster of the metal
aroused their attention. A link of the
chain was detached and taken to the
nearest town, was tested and proved to
be fine gold. The fortunes of the men
were assured could they have kept their
own counsel, but boasting of their pros-
pects and spending money lavishly on
the strength of them, curiosity and sus-
picion were aroused. Wives and chil-
dren chattered about the wonderful find,
and at last the officers of the crown de-
scended upon the scene. The treasure,
which proved to be worth several thou-
sand pounds, was snatched from their find-
ers, who, for all result of their "good
fortune," were awarded a term of im-
prisonment at the following session.—
All the Year Round.

Necessary Education.
While it would be pleasant to have our
schools cultivate the literary element in
English composition, this is not the first
end to be sought. All educated men
cannot hope to be poets or essayists, but
no one has a right to consider himself
educated till he is able to say in writing
what he would say to his correspondent
aloud if they were standing face to face.
Slovenliness of expression not only is
usually traceable to slovenliness of
thought as a cause, but the habitual neg-
lect of expression has also a tendency to
increase by reflex action the habit of
loose or muddy thinking. A person who
lacks the power of clear thought and ex-
pression is not a person to whose keeping
it is safe to confide public interests, and
in our country, where every citizen is
liable to be called upon to bear some of
the burdens of state, it is especially neces-
sary that the study of written as well as
spoken English be given the place to
which its importance plainly entitles it
in every American school course.—Good
Government.

Too Horrible.
There was to be a grand display of rich
tobacco at the forthcoming ball in a
provincial town. The wife of a wealthy
lumber wanted to outshine all the other
ladies who had invitations. She accord-
ingly ordered a dress from Paris that
should excite by its splendor the wildest
expectations. Arriving in the proud ex-
pectation of her surpassing magnificence
she entered the ballroom. Here her ex-
perienced eye took stock of the ladies
present—a scream of horror—and she lay
fainting in her husband's arms, to the
no small consternation of the company,
which, however, is increased twofold
when another lady in the room is discov-
ered to be fainting. Our fair readers
will agree that both sufferers deserve
our deepest sympathy, for their dresses
(Paris make both) were precisely similar
in style and material.—Chicago Tribune.

STOVES! **WOOD AND COAL,**
STOVES AND RANGES
We have a large stock of the above goods, which we are selling at a great bargain. We also have a full line of
Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils and Glass.
Call and get prices. **M. H. GREENLY,**

Foreclosure Sale.
IN CIRCUIT COURT, ONEIDA COUNTY.
Julius Le Clair, plaintiff
vs.
Henry E. Holcomb, et al., Defs.
Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of
and pursuant to a judgment of foreclosure
and sale rendered in the above entitled action
on the 27th day of March, 1898, for the sum
of two hundred fifty-six dollars and eighty-
cents, damages and costs, I shall on the third
day of March, 1898, at two o'clock in the
afternoon of said day, at the front door of
the office of Paul Browne, in the village of
Rhinelander in said county of Oneida and
state of Wisconsin, offer for sale and sell at
public auction to the highest bidder, the
mortgaged premises described in said judg-
ment of foreclosure and sale as follows, to-
wit:
Lot number five (5) of block number six (6)
of the first addition to the village of Rhine-
lander, Oneida county, Wisconsin, which
property I shall so sell as aforesaid for the
purpose of satisfying said judgment, together
with costs of sale.
Dated January 19, 1898.
The above sale is hereby postponed until
the 10th day of March, 1898, at 2 o'clock in
the afternoon of said day, at the place
named in the above notice.
Dated March 2d, 1898.
The above sale is hereby postponed until
Friday, the 17th day of March, at 2 o'clock in
the afternoon of said day, at the place
named in the above sale.
Dated March 12, 1898.
JAN. 19-RW-mar 9 EDWARD BRAZELL,
Sheriff Oneida Co.

Notice For Publication.
United States Land Office
Wausau, Wis., Feb. 11, '93
Notice is hereby given that in compliance
with the provisions of the act of Congress of
June 8, 1878, amended Aug. 4, 1892, entitled
"An act for the sale of timber lands in the
states of California, Oregon, Nevada and
Washington Territory," Archie Siewright, of
Rhinelander, county of Oneida, state of Wis-
consin, has this day filed in this office his
sworn statement No. 12 for the purchase of
Lot 1 Sec. 18 N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 20, and Lot
1 and the S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 22 in
township No. 38 N. Range No. 9 E. and will
offer proof to show that the land sought is
public land for the purpose of timber or stone
than for agricultural purposes, and to establish
his claim to said land before the register and
receiver of this office at Wausau, Wis., on
Friday, the 5th day of May, 1893.
He names as witnesses, Michael Ryan,
Timothy Lennon, Eugene Eustle and A. W.
Brown, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the
above described lands are requested to file
their claims in this office on or before said 5th
day of May 1893.
E. B. SANDERS,
Feb. 16-10w. Register.

CIRCUIT COURT, ONEIDA COUNTY
Lucy Leroy, Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN LEROY, Defendant. Summons
The State of Wisconsin, to the said Defendant:
You are hereby summoned to appear within
twenty days after service of this summons,
exclusive of the day of service, and defend the
above entitled action in the court aforesaid;
and in case of your failure so to do, judgment
will be rendered against you according to the
demand of the complaint, which is filed in the
office of the clerk of the circuit court of Oneida
county, Wisconsin.
ALBAN & BARNES,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
P. O. Address, Rhinelander, Oneida county,
Wis.
Jan. 26

R. p. & Tabules a san a d re d y
Ripans Tabules; best liver tonic.
R. p. & Tabules have e m. to ste

J. Weisen's
Provision Depot!
Is always stocked with reasonable goods. The
finest butter eggs and everything usual
found in a provision store. Potatoes
as well as all other goods.
Don't Forget the Place

E. C. SQUIER
—JEWELRY—
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.
Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best
gold and silver cases at very low prices.
Store in Fawcett Block.
Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

H. LEWIS,
Wine, Liquor and Cigar
MERCHANT.
Michigan Block, Rhinelander, Wis.
My goods are the very best, and I am supply-
customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale
prices.
Fine California Wines a Specialty.
Give me a call and sample goods and prices

CARRIAGES
FOR THE LITTLE ONES
STYLE,
QUANTITY,
or PRICE.
at F. J. PINERY & COMPANY'S
FURNITURE STORE.

F. C. HENRICI,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Best Fitting Suits and the Best Goods for the Lowest Prices, that can be
found in Rhinelander. All Work Warranted. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh
Manufacturing Co.'s Factory, Rhinelander, Wis.

WE ARE
WIDE AWAKE!
AND EARLY IN THE FIELD!
With a spring Stock of the highest quality. Our special
effort for the spring season is to increase the pur-
chasing power of your dollar with
GREATEST VALUES
Ever Offered For Your Money.
It will be for your interest to call and inspect our charm-
ing display of new novelties and reliable
standard grades in
Dress Goods, Wash Goods,
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Clothing, Furnishing Goods,
And Fine and Medium Ladies'
Gents' and Children's Shoes.
Our serviceable stock is distinctive in style, elegant in
display admirable in quality and sure to please.
TRY US. We are sure to have the best and sure to give
you a great dollar's worth for your money.
C. E. CRUSOE & Co.
MICHIGAN STORE.

OFF TO DREAMLAND.

Swing high, swing low,
Now to dreamland baby'll go.
Softly white lids flutter down,
Baby's off to dreamland town.

Swing high,
Swing low,
Off to dreamland town
Baby'll go.

Swing low, swing high,
Baby must not sleep to cry;
He must sail and sail away
On to dreamland every day.

Swing high,
Swing low,
Baby's journey
Almost passed.

Swing high, swing low,
Baby's head is drooping low;
Now it rests on mother's breast,
That is baby's sleepy nest.

Swing high,
Swing low,
Baby dear,
Angels watch
And hover near.

Swing high, swing low,
Baby's almost there, I know;
Now, with tiny reaching hand,
He opens the gate to dreamland.

Swing low,
To and fro,
While we wait
At the gate
For baby's trip to dreamland.

—May Phillips Tatra, in Good Housekeeping.

THE RIGHT HAND.

Why People Use It Instead of the Left.

A Question Easier Put Than Answered—Many Statements and Theories More or Less Plausible—1. convenience of the left hand.

Why anybody should be left-handed is one of those matters in which the question is easier put than answered. The reason why we are right-handed has been met by statements and theories more or less plausible. In the first place, it has been shown that the human body is not symmetrical. The right lung is larger than the left. The liver, during the inspiration of the lungs, swings to the right side, so that the center of gravity of the body is brought nearly over the right foot. The weight of the viscera to the right of the medial line is nearly a pound and a half heavier than that to the left of it. All this, while it gives a mechanical advantage to the right arm in working, and to the right shoulder in raising a weight, shows us also, passively, burdens are more easily carried on the left shoulder, for in that case we stoop forward so as to bring the center of gravity through the stronger right limb. Again, it has been pointed out that the left hemisphere of the brain is larger and better supplied with blood-vessels than the right, and that it is the left hemisphere of the brain which, working crosswise, controls the muscles of the right arm and hand. Then there is the sword-and-shield story, which considers the earliest condition of man to have been militant. To soldiers, the vital organ, the heart, being on the left side, it was thought necessary to cover it with the shield and wield the sword in the right hand. True, against these is the wet-nurse theory, which supposes left-handedness to be favored in youth by the fact of the infant being carried most frequently on the left arm, thus giving more scope to the early use of the child's left hand. Fashion, however, is always alert, and to this imperial mistress even our limbs must submit. Fashion incessantly demands that the right hand should have the preference.

So that, with all these weighty reasons why we should be right-handed, it is marvelous why left-handed people should be found at all. Yet such are by no means uncommon. The teacher of an elementary school who watched the proportion for many years, gave it as his experience that, in the rural district in which his school was situated, more than five per cent. of the children were left-handed. In these cases the tendency could be shown to be hereditary; and the left hand, even to the size of the thumb-nails, showed itself larger than the right. It was painful to see the attempts made by the left-handed pupils to write and cipher normally; and, after the right hand had been forced into service, the result was a compromise, the writer generally developing a handwriting inclined neither to right nor left. In the making of figures, both the 3 and the 6 were for a time reversed, and in some cases formed by drawing the straight line down and curving the other from below. In the mechanical trades, the carpenter's bench, his gimlets, screws and many of his planes are made to suit the right hand, so that a left-handed apprentice is handicapped, and must either fight against nature or obtain tools fitted for the left hand. An elaborate print-cutting gauge for measuring off different sizes of copper required to be driven into the pattern if made for a left-handed man is of little value when exposed for sale.

But we do not need to go far for illustrations of how inconvenient a world this is for the left-handed. Purchase a saucer, and the left-handed owner finds the slit, through which the part requires to be pushed to catch the pin, on the wrong side for him. Let him sit down to dinner, and the waiter brings the dishes from which he selects a part to the wrong shoulder. Let him lift a mistake cap, and he perceives his peculiarity has not been taken into account. Let him attempt to mow, and he vainly reverse the shape of the scythe. Let him learn drill or dancing, or endeavor to work in harmonious combination, and his awkwardness is forever brought home to him.

And yet, on the other side, the despised left hand makes good its claims in many cases to be the defter of the two. The fingers that touch and adjust with such nicety the strings of the violin are surely as cunning as those that move the bow. The hand that guides the reins and steers with exactness the horse through the crowded streets is quite as cunning as one might say much more than the hand that wields the whip. But great is

fashion, unanswerable is theory. It would appear that as life becomes more and more complex we are becoming more and more specialized, and the difference between our limbs is encouraged, rather than hindered, by every pair of scissors turned off at Sheffield, by every screw made in Birmingham, and by every slap administered to the young offending fingers that would dare to shake hands incorrectly. It is curious to notice the vagaries of humanity in cases where no hard and fast line has been already drawn. Although most right-handed persons put on their coats left arm first, a considerable percentage thrust in the right first. Soldiers fire from the right shoulder, but sportsmen are found who prefer the left. In working with the spade, a proportion of right-handed men grasp the spade with the left and push with left foot and right hand; though, when using an ax, the same individuals would grasp farthest down with the right. The Persians mount their horses from the right side, which is the different side from that mounted by Europeans.

The buttons on coats, etc., are placed on the right side, and the shed of the hair in boys to the left, evidently to suit manipulation by the right hand. The great philosopher Newton records that at first he confined his astronomical observations to his right eye, but afterwards he managed to train his left. But there are persons who could not do this owing to the unequal strength of their eyes. Strange to say the Chinese assign the place of honor to the left. At Kunyenyé, in Africa, Cameron relates being introduced to the hut-presumptive to the throne, the nails of whose left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length as a sign of high rank, proving that he was never required to perform manual labor, and also providing him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet.

The falcon in Europe is carried on the left wrist, but in Asia on the right. The Latin races hold omens to be favorable when towards the right; but the Teutonic races, including our own, when towards the left. The Saxon races, as masters of the sea and pioneers in the laying of railways, have imposed their own rules of the left side on the French and other Latin races, who, however, still in driving and riding keep to the rule of the road derived from their progenitors. The hands of clocks and watches travel from east to west like the sun, or as we draw a spiral from the interior outwards; and we hand around our playing-cards and our hospitable bottle after the same fashion, which like fashion we adhere to in turning a horse, so that the violation of it, or the turning whither—this is, against the sun—is considered unlucky. It is a curious circumstance how few people ever clasp hands otherwise than having the right thumb outwards, or coil thread save one way.

With regard to symmetry, nature, when she has a purpose to serve, is nowise loth to depart from it. Indeed, there is hardly a symmetrical human face to be found. The right eye and ear are generally placed higher, and the left leg is frequently the longer. Quadrupeds and very young children are more symmetrical, but the hermit crab has the claw protruding from the shell the longer; the cachelot or sperm whale has the eye on the one side larger than the other. Parrots rather favor the right claw; and the African elephant—as Sir S. Baker assured the writer—works more with the right task, called on this account by the Arabs "the servant." Aristotle declares that motion begins from the right. "Wherefore the burden should rest on the part moved, and not on the part moving, otherwise motion is more difficult." He also looks on the spiral curves of shells as suggesting a right-handed design. Another ancient philosopher assures us that our dreams are less egotistical and selfish when we are sleeping on our right side than on our left.

Curiously was naturally highly strung when discoveries were made of exceedingly ancient engravings and sculptures fashioned by cave men at an era further removed from the earliest Egyptian records than ours is from those. We have the authority of Sir Daniel Wilson that the earliest records of the human race show a preference for the right hand, although not so completely as that shown in modern times. In the scarcely so remote bronze age, the preference still holds good. One has only to look over Egyptian, Etruscan, Assyrian, Greek or Roman pictures, engravings or sculptures, to see that man was right-handed as he is now, and that he carried his burdens then, as now, mainly on the left shoulder, while his dress and decoration follow the same lines as the soldier still wears his sword or the shepherd his plaid. At the same time shoes made especially for each foot, and gloves designed for each hand, have more of a modern aspect. The sandals of ancient times are extremely much alike. Among the humble classes in Scotland sixty years ago shoes for young people not made for right and left were preferred.

It is pleasant to be able to record that notwithstanding the sinister ridicule of ancient and modern language and literature, and the antagonistic pen and ink demonstrations of doctors, there are and have been many eminent left-handed individuals both professional and gymnastic. A list of these has been preserved to us through the labors of Sir Daniel Wilson and Charles Reade, the novelist—Chamber's Journal.

—A Preliminary to Charity.—"Mamma," said little Walter, "I cannot tell a lie. I took that pie to feed a poor little starving boy." "My darling child," said his mother, "and did the poor little fellow eat it?" "No'm. You see I couldn't see any starving boy to give it to, so I had to eat it myself."

—John Auten says the meanest man he ever knew was a Rush township farmer who crossed his bees with lightning bugs so they'd work at night. —Worcester Gazette.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Hungary is stated to be the country where railway traveling is the cheapest. It is said to be possible to journey from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt, a distance of five hundred miles, for six shillings and eight pence, being at the rate of six miles a penny. Low as this price is it is liable to a reduction of one-half in the case of laborers journeying in parties of not fewer than ten.

—It is proposed to establish an epileptic colony near London where epileptics of both sexes can be employed and properly cared for. The lord chancellor, Dr. Ferrier, Sir Andrew Clark and many leading physicians recently addressed a public meeting in support of the plan. Ten thousand pounds is required to found the colony, and over two thousand pounds was quickly subscribed.

—A gentleman sends Labouchere's Truth a suggestion as to decimalizing the British system of money, which would have the advantage of retaining the existing coinage. He divides the pound into one thousand new farthings. Florins would, therefore, be one hundred farthings; shillings, fifty-nine farthings, and pence, twenty-five farthings. On each coin the value in farthings would be clearly stamped. —French war office experts are divided in opinion concerning the value or danger of Eiffel's tower in case of a siege of Paris. German staff officers have written quite freely about the matter, principally holding the view that the tower would afford a fine target. Some French officers agree with this view; others say that the forts around the city would keep the tower out of range, while it would afford an excellent post for observation.

—Ten or twelve years ago a disease appeared among chestnut trees in France, destroying them in great numbers, and the wood could not be utilized for heating purposes. Quantities of it, however, were used in tanning leather, as chestnut wood contains five or six per cent. of tannic principles, whereas oak contains only three or four per cent. One establishment uses annually from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000 kilograins of chestnut wood, paying therefor about 120,000 francs per annum, thus reducing the loss sustained by the land-owners from this timber disease.

—One of the most fashionable and expensive dressmaking establishments in Paris has a wonderful "try-on" into which only the most particular, fashionable and wealthy customers have ever been admitted. It is a square compartment, has no visible window, but is lighted by a splendid electric chandelier. The pile of the white velvet carpets is so thick that one's feet sink in it, and the most prominent object in the room is an enormous mirror, framed in white plush. If that mirror could reproduce half of the beauty which it has momentarily reflected, it might be irresistibly attractive.

—The smallest country in the world is said to be the territory of Moresnet, which lies between Belgium and Germany. Its 2,000 inhabitants are mostly occupied in tin mining, although agriculture is also engaged in. Military service and election days are unknown. The senate of ten members is appointed by the mayor, who is chosen by two delegates, one from Belgium and one from Germany. The police force consists of one man, whose salary is provided by the annual revenue (about 1,200 francs), which also maintains the roads and schools. The territory was declared independent in 1815, to settle the dispute when the boundary was fixed between Germany and Belgium, both countries wanting its tin mines. It contains only two and a half square miles.

HINDOO TRADITIONS.

One That Agrees in the Main Details with Our Biblical Account of the Flood.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that at least two-thirds of the nations and races of the globe have some tradition (in many cases very faint) of what we call the deluge or flood of Noah. In India these myths or semi-sacred legends appear in many forms, one at least, that contained in the Hindoo Mahabharata, agreeing with our biblical account in all of its main details. Brahma did not "speak with a voice of thunder from a cloud," but appeared to Manu, the Hindoo's Noah, in the form of a fish, this on the River Wirini. From thence he was transferred to the Ganges, having grown too large for the Wirini, and after an astonishing increase of bulk from disporting in the sacred river he was transferred to the Indian ocean. But even here Manu (Noah) was within speaking distance, and it was from that ocean's depths that Brahma gave orders for the building of a great life-saving vessel (ark). Manu did as Brahma directed, and on the approach of the great flood took good care to stow away seeds of all kinds as well as the living creatures of the earth. Last of all he provided quarters for the seven Rishis or holy beings which were to outlive the storm. Then the flood came, much in the same way that that of Noah did, but the account does not say in as many words that "the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of Heaven were opened." When the flood was "well on," and "the whole surface of the earth was covered in water to a depth of one hundred and fifty cubits," Brahma appeared to Manu in the form of a great fish swimming alongside the vessel. This Brahma fish was an enormous creature with a gigantic horn, and to this horn Manu lashed his vessel with a stout rope of virgin's hair. Then began a series of wanderings that throw

Ulysses and the "Flying Dutchman" into the shade. For years the great vessel plunged hither and thither, now on this side of the globe and then on that, but always at the mercy of the godfish, the horn and the hair rope. After an age of aimless plunging over the great sphere of water the outlook at last catches a glimpse of land, or, more properly, rock, for it was the very apex of Mount Himarat (probably meaning highest peak of the Himalayas), and to that point the fish pilot steered the great craft. God now ap-

pears on the scene and gives orders for the hair rope to be removed from the Brahma fish's horn and its transference to a solid column of stone on the mountain peak. God also commanded that the mountain would ever after be known as Mount Naubandhana, which means "mountain of ship-binding." After the subsidence of the waters the powers of God, Brahma and Manu (Noah) seem to have been strangely interwoven; for, we are told, "after the flood, by favor of Brahma, Manu created a new race of people, which from that time forward were known as Manudsha or people born of Manu." —St. Louis Republic.

WHY THEY MARRY FOREIGNERS.

Some American Girls Prefer the Genuine Aristocrat to the Apathetic Home Article.

A woman writer in the current number of a well-known magazine, whose words indicate she is in touch with both ends of her subject, tells why it is so many wealthy American girls choose titled foreigners for husbands. From her point of view the reason is as simple as it is plausible. The great majority of men in this country whose wealth or family connections entitle them to move in the "first circles of society" feel it their duty to ape the customs and mannerisms of titled and even untitled foreigners. They ape the latter in every conceivable particular and are never so happy as when they have achieved some especially nauseating bit of tautology. To them providence is never kinder than when it has brought into their midst some broken-down notion of nobility upon whom they can lavish their adulations and from whom they can learn some new wrinkle in foreign snobism. To get as far from everything American in their mode of living, and to become as near like the people upon whom the accident of birth has placed a title is their chief aim, and in many cases, only ambition. This being so, the writer in question, maintains that it is only natural that American girls with money and position should pass by the imitation and seek the genuine; that instead of bestowing herself and her fortune upon the American ape she should marry the foreigner who is aped.

Between the two classes it is hardly possible for the American heiress to go far wrong in choosing the foreigner. While there is nothing so wholly manly as a manly American, there is nothing so utterly useless and disgusting from every point of view as the male caricature who is only happy when toadying to sickly notions of foreign "nobility." Unfortunately what are mistakenly termed the "best" circles of American society are so thickly thronged with this pitiful class that the self-respecting young women who belong to these circles must either look abroad for their husbands or remain in single blessedness.

The moral of all this is so plain that it ought to have no difficulty in penetrating even the thick heads of those who should benefit by it. The true American girl doesn't want to go through life tied to an imitation. As foreigners our young men can be nothing more, and the sooner they drop the foreign mannerisms which so ill become them and quit aping those who at their best are no more than their equals the quicker will our wealthy girls give up marrying titles and take to marrying men. But there is little hope that such a change will be wrought much this side of the millennium.—Troy Press.

The Old Venetian Carnival.

The carnival then lasted six months, and masking was a universal habit. It has been said that in the beginning the mask was a token of fraternal condescension on the part of the rich and noble toward their inferiors. It leveled all ranks, like the grave, though in a more agreeable manner. But this utopian justification of it soon passed out of date. It became instead the very best possible vehicle for intrigue and social corruption. That in effect was what it was. During carnival time no one thought of going out of doors except in disguise. The maid sent on an errand must first don her mask—of which no doubt her lover or lovers, had the key. The mother with a child in her arms masked both herself and the child.—Fortnightly Review.

How to Measure a River.

Anybody can measure, approximately, the breadth of a river without a surveyor's compass or any mechanical means whatever. The man who desires to make the experiment should place himself at the edge of the stream, then stand perfectly still, face the opposite bank and lower the brim of his hat until it just cuts the opposite bank. Then let him put both hands under his chin, to steady his head, and turn slowly round until the hat brim cuts some point on the level ground behind him. Mark the spot where the hat brim cuts the ground, then pace off the distance and it will be found about the breadth of the river.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A King's Remains.

The dean of Gloucester claims to have discovered that the remains of Osric, king of Northumbria, who was buried A. D. 729, lie beneath the shrine erected to his memory in the famous old abbey of Gloucester. The shrine was erected in the days of Henry VIII, and was supposed to be merely a memorial. If the claim is proved it gives to Gloucester the distinction of containing the oldest known remains of the Saxon kings. Fragments of the remains of two other Saxon kings are in Winchester and Durham cathedral.—N. Y. Sun.

In Holland.

Many of the country dances and dancings look as if they had been brought up on soap and water. Their faces glisten so preternaturally; their pots and pans, the red tiles of their floors, their tables and benches all bear witness so unmistakably to their cleansing anile. I suppose a fly in the butter they were churning, or a mired foot on the boards they have put just scrubbed, would be as nearly likely to give them a fit as anything could be.—Chamber's Journal.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Does This Stream Prove That Water Flows Uphill?

In an article published some time ago it was stated that since the source of the Mississippi river is about three miles nearer to the center of the earth than its mouth is, therefore the water of the river runs uphill. This statement produced a wrong impression, which it is desirable to correct. It is true that the waters of the Mississippi, in flowing toward the equator, gradually recede from the center of the earth, because the earth is not a sphere, but a spheroid flattening toward the poles. But this recession can not be accurately described as a "flowing uphill," because that would imply that the water disobeys the law of gravitation.

The direction of gravity is always at a right angle to the surface of still water, and if the earth were completely covered with water, that surface would be not in the form of a sphere, but of a spheroid, having substantially the same shape as that of the solid surface of the earth taken as a whole.

This is the form assumed by the surface of the oceans, which is called a surface of equilibrium, because, without some disturbing influence, the water has no tendency to flow in any direction, and a plumb line hangs perpendicular to it at every point. But owing to the flattening of the earth toward the poles, the plumb line does not point toward the true center of the earth anywhere except at the poles and along the equator.

It follows from these facts that if the Mississippi valley did not slope toward the south below the level which an ocean covering that valley, and having its northern edge at the source of the river, would assume, then the river would be in equilibrium from source to mouth, and would not flow at all.

In fact, as the article referred to stated, the valley does slope, so that while its lower end ought to be about three and a half miles farther from the earth's center than its upper end is in order to correspond with the general form of the planet, yet in truth it is only about three miles farther from the center. This half-mile of difference represents the true "hill" down which, not up which, the Mississippi flows.

The source of misapprehension in this case seems to lie in the overlooking of the fact that the oceans, having a mobile surface, which can not be permanently deformed by local causes, measure the true level of the globe, while the continents are simply elevations thrust up above that level. It is the direction of the plumb line, and not of the center of the earth, that determines the level of water and the course of its flow.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that "centrifugal force" plays a part in producing the present surface of equilibrium of the earth, and that if the rotation of the globe should cease, there would be a change in the direction of the plumb line, and then the waters of the Gulf of Mexico might overflow the valley of the Mississippi. —Youth's Companion.

Geography of the Moon.

Sir Robert Ball is reported to have said, in his lecture on the moon, that the geography of our satellite was better known even than that of the earth. There was no single spot on the moon the size of an ordinary parish in England that had not been fully photographed and observed. Of course this remark can only relate to the side of moon which is always turned towards us. Nearly one-half of her surface has never been seen by mortal eye, and never will be, unless the lunar globe should be tilted by collision with a comet or some such erratic body. Otherwise it is a fact that photography has done more for the earth's attendant than for itself. It is analogous to the further fact that the only things which man can predict with certainty are not those that happen on the sphere he inhabits, but the movement of worlds immensely distant.—London Telegraph.

—The Beth Eden Baptist church of Oakland, Cal., is in the throes of a very interesting row. For attending a cake walk six members of the church were recently blacklisted and expelled from the church by the pastor, Mr. McGinnin, who rules his church like a czar. A year ago he summarily dismissed a lady from church membership because she attended the circus and served wine at dinner. Another lady was expelled for expressing a desire that the members of the church might have something to say in the management of its affairs. A lady and her husband were also expelled for attending an old fellows' entertainment and dance. A committee waited on Pastor McGinnin a short time ago and asked him to consider the advisability of resigning his charge. He received it curtly, and the next Sunday promptly expelled the deacon who headed it and the next prominent member.

—A Sure Sign.—A Woodward avenue youngster was given a large doll for Christmas. It was a thing of beauty and was attired in the full dress of a fashionable woman. "Oh," said a lady to the little one, "what a pretty doll." "Yes, Santa Claus gave it to me," replied the kid. "It isn't a little girl doll, either; it's a grown woman, isn't it?" "No'm, it isn't; it's only a doll." "Look at its dress." "That doesn't make any difference. It's just a little girl doll. It doesn't talk all the time." —Detroit Free Press.

—Marian—"I'm sure you ought to be satisfied with George's behavior. If by any chance he ever does anything to offend you he always apologizes so abjectly." Elsie—"Yes, but I want him to apologize abjectly when I do anything to offend him."

—Just the Time.—"Sufferer"—"Excuse me for saying so, but that fancy vest of yours actually takes away my appetite." Dashaway (nugly)—"Is that so? Come and dine with me."—Truth.

—"I don't care a rap," is not an appropriate ejaculation for a woman who wants a scoldin sack.

Unfermented Bread.

The question has often been brought forward as to the wholesomeness of bread made by the old-fashioned method of raising with yeast, which, as is well known, causes a fermentation, and which is actually a rotting of parts of the flour, and is thought by physicians to be directly responsible for much of the dyspepsia of the present day.

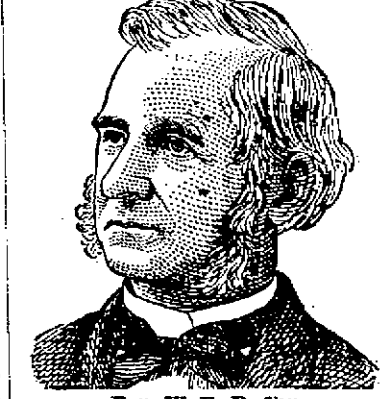
It is claimed by those who have tried it that the Royal Baking Powder will make bread of superior lightness, firmness, and general excellence without the use of yeast. This process entirely does away with the fermentative action, and it is averred that no bread can possibly be so healthful or palatable as that made in this way. It is stated in the receipt that the bread made by this process may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort.

This is unquestionably a progressive age, and if our scientists can give us hot bread palatable and wholesome, verily we have much to be thankful for.

It Was His Girl.—Teacher—"Is it correct for me to say the girl is beautiful, or the girl are beautiful?" Boy—"Neither." Teacher—"Indeed? Then what is correct?" Boy—"She's clean out of sight." See! —Detroit Free Press.

I Vote for Hood's

Forty Years in the Ministry



Rev. W. E. Puffer

"Having taken Hood's Sarsaparilla five months I am satisfied it is an excellent remedy. For years I have had Rheumatism, affecting my whole body, but especially my right arm from elbow to shoulder, so severe I feared

I should lose the use of it. I felt better soon after I began with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had taken four bottles the rheumatism entirely left me. I have been a minister of the M. E. church 40 years, and like many others of sedentary habits have suffered

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

with Dyspepsia and Indigestion, but while taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have had a good appetite, food digested well, I gained several pounds, and sleep better. I vote for Hood's." —Rev. W. E. Puffer, Richmond, Va.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache, etc.

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

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Supervisor of the "Unabridged." The year spent in revising 100,000 entries employed, more than \$200,000 expended. A Grand Educator. Abstract of the Times. A Library in itself. Invaluable in the household, and to the traveler, professional man, self-educator.

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SALVATION OIL

Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup

WE WANT AT ONCE

RELIABLE MEN in every locality to represent us. Advertisers and agents are wanted to sell our goods on credit and collect along with them. We pay good prices for cash orders. \$25 PER DAY EXPENSES. Send money order, or check to BANK OF AMERICA, New York City.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives who experience the pangs of labor, affords instant relief upon Child-birth, proves an infallible means for, and obviates the tediousness of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SHINELANDER, - WIG

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 11. NO. 7.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, MAR.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

\$40,000.00

Forty Thousand Dollars Worth of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry of the best grades of Standard American Manufacture, such as James Boss, Blauer, Fahy's and Dueber 14 k Gold Filled, Warranted for Twenty and Twenty-five Years and Gold Filled 14 k U. S. Assay Cases, Coin Silver and Silver Ore cases. Elgin, Waltham, Columbus and Hampden high grade, adjusted Railway Movements, Gold and Heavy Rolled Plate Chains, Charms, Locketts, Finger Rings, Ear Drops, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Necklaces, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Clocks, Hollow Ware Tea Sets, Rogers' Knives and Forks, Tea and Tablespoons, Bread and Cake Knives, Dessert and Fruit Spoons and a Thousand other things belonging to a First-class Jewelry Store that must be sold at Manufacturer's prices for Thirty days.

J. R. BINDER, RHINELANDER, WIS.

F. C. Horn, of Oshkosh, was in town Monday.

Geo. E. Wood, of Chicago, was in town Tuesday.

J. D. Burt, of Prentice, looked over our city Tuesday.

Geo. Curtis Jr., of Merrill, was in Rhinelander Monday.

C. L. Secrist, of Hafford Junction was seen on our streets Tuesday.

Wade Clark, of New Lisbon, Wis., was a Rhinelander visitor Monday.

J. J. McDonald, of Eau Claire, transacted business in our city Monday.

H. B. Freeman, of New London was interviewing our merchants Tuesday.

J. C. Hall, of Oshkosh, was in town Tuesday, looking after his insurance business.

Those wishing to see the Lily Clay Comedy Company to-morrow night can procure tickets at Spier's jewelry store.

Dr. W. Towns, the eminent specialist, will visit Rhinelander again March 31, for three days. Office at Fuller House.

The Episcopal Sunday School will be resumed in the G. A. R. hall next Sunday. All the children are invited to be present.

The Lumbermen's Union holds regular meetings Saturday evenings in I. O. O. F. hall. All members are cordially invited to attend.

By order of Pres.

The county board was in session Monday and Tuesday. They passed an ordinance detaching certain territory from the town of Pelican and creating the town of Woodboro. It is printed in another column of this paper.

Invitations are out for the Easter ball to be given by the Odd Fellows April 3d. Undoubtedly all who received cards will attend, as the Odd Fellows in Rhinelander have the reputation of giving the pleasantest parties.

John W. Fardon goes to Hazelhurst to-day, where he has engaged as superintendent for the Yawkey Lumber Co. He has held a responsible position with Brown Bros. the past year, and during his stay in Rhinelander has made many warm friends. We are sorry to have him go.

W. S. Jackson, of Superior, spent Sunday in Rhinelander.

Frank A. Lappen & Co. have a change of ad. this week. Read it.

W. H. Thorpe, of Beaver Dam, is in the city selling the jewelers their spring stocks.

"Anat Betse," is slightly indisposed this week, so her usual article has to be omitted.

C. Eby has a card in this paper announcing himself as a candidate for assessor.

The city schools all commenced work again last Monday, with a full attendance.

Spafford & Cole change their advertisement this week, and quote some prices that will beto your interest to read.

H Lewis has had the partition torn out of the rear end of the wholesale liquor store, and now has much more available room and a well lighted establishment throughout.

John O'Brien had quite a lively run-away last Saturday afternoon. The team let John into the snow and went home about their business, without doing any damage to speak of. Beers didn't see it, but claims it was all on account of springing that yellow cutter on the public so soon after St. Patrick's day.

For want of more startling news the New North announces to the public that the post-office matter is settled, and D. S. Johnson is postmaster. The appointment gives universal satisfaction, and we know of no one who is more worthy of the office than D. S. He is a staunch democrat, and for several years was the proprietor of the only democratic paper in the county, and did good service for his party. His integrity and ability are unquestioned, and the recognition he has just received at the hands of the democracy is a deserved tribute worthily bestowed. The all absorbing topic now is as to where the office will be located. We think we can safely say that it will not be changed from its present location immediately, and that when it is moved it will be put where it will suit the majority, and not any particular clique or faction. The office is in good hands, and will be under the personal supervision of Mr. Johnson, who will attend to the duties to the best of his ability.

How to Make the Town Grow.

The growth which has been accomplished by Rhinelander hitherto has been aided but little by any organized effort on the part of our citizens. Of course it speaks very much in praise of our natural advantages that our city has grown so rapidly without any efforts to boom it. It is also true that plans to push the growth of a place may result in reaction and injury if pushed to an unhealthy and unreasonable length. But the legitimate work and the obvious advantage of well considered efforts to secure manufacturing enterprises and build up a city is forcibly illustrated by the work of our Advancement Association, which purchased lands and furnished building sites and materially helped to secure the location of the Screen Door Factory and the Kirk Box Factory.

To the great surprise of the citizens who took stock in this enterprise, it was found that the Association possessed assets enough to make the stock worth par value after it had fulfilled its agreements with these enterprises, and had a largesum of money in its treasury besides. This result was accomplished by the increase in the value of the property owned by the Association.

The surprise of the members of the Association was so great, when it was announced at the annual meeting that a cash dividend was to be made, that no one thought of suggesting that there were other enterprises which might be successfully promoted by the Association, and that the funds on hand should be devoted to that purpose.

One of these enterprises is the improvement of our splendid water power. Here is one of the most valuable resources of our city, which, through a chain of unfortunate circumstances, has never been utilized. The value of this resource and the practicability of its utilization are beyond question. Companies have offered to build mills and factories, and rent the power or take stock in a company organized for its improvement. If it were utilized it would double our present population in a few years. We have the raw material in inexhaustible quantities to supply the mills and factories which are adapted to be operated by water power. We have the railroad facilities for the shipment of the manufactured products. Our location is right.

We suggest and urge upon our Advancement Association the wisdom and practicability of undertaking to promote the improvement of our water power. If the Association would appoint a committee to confer with capitalists and represent the facts to them, setting aside a liberal fund to pay the expenses of such committee, the New North predicts that a company could be organized to make this much needed improvement and our water power be utilized during the coming season. There is no ground to doubt that the owners of the water power would readily cooperate in any such plan. In fact they have expressed their readiness to enter into any reasonable arrangement to this end.

Another thing which it would be well for the Advancement Association to give attention, is the building of a line of railroad to connect with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. It has been the expressed purpose of the St. Paul Company to have a line of road running to Rhinelander when our annual lumber output amounted to fifty million feet. Although we have more than doubled that amount the road has not been built. The value to our shippers of the south-western connections and outlet which such a road would be is too well understood to need argument. The facts fully warrant the building of our own. It is only the apathy of our own people that prevents it from being built.

It may be said that we are doing well enough as it is. We are certainly having a very healthy growth. But these are the days of sharp competition between cities as well as individuals. No business man and no city can afford to rest upon past achievements, or consider that anything has been done as long as there remains anything to be done. Whoever ceases his efforts to fortify and strengthen his position soon finds some more enterprising rival taking advantage of the situation and leaving him in the lurch.

The building of this short line of railroad would give us command of the situation as to freights and shipping, and place us upon an equal footing in that respect with other points on the Wisconsin river, and this added to our natural advantages would place us in a position of marked superiority as a manufacturing point.

No false sense of security should prevent us from putting forth our best efforts to secure these two important factors in the future growth of Rhinelander, and no time should be lost in setting to work in these two directions.

Town Politics.

The political pot is beginning to simmer in a mild way. Political prospects are commencing to bud and blossom feebly, notwithstanding the backwardness of spring.

There is a movement of healthy proportions looking to the nomination of Calvin Chace for chairman and E. L. Dimick and J. E. Hilber for supervisors. There is also talk of a ticket composed of W. H. Brown for chairman, with W. E. Brown and J. E. Hilber as supervisors. Much might be said in commendation of either of these two tickets. It is to be hoped, however, that one ticket for members of the town board will be agreed upon, so as to prevent any fight, and we think this might be done.

The talk in regard to town treasurer centers on Alex. Sutton and Willis Jewell, with the probability that these two candidates will run and perhaps others, as the office is too attractive to be captured by any one without a fight. Mr. Sutton has made an efficient officer, and the only argument that could be urged against him is that he has had the office. Mr. Jewell's claims will be urged by many friends.

There seems to be no opposition to W. W. Carr for town clerk, and this is as it should be.

Chris Eby is a candidate for assessor and would make a capable and satisfactory officer. He is fair minded and is well acquainted with the value of property.

J. L. McLaughlin is also a candidate for assessor, and is thoroughly competent to fill the office. He has dealt in real estate a good deal and knows what property is worth.

From the list of candidates named, and these are all that the New North has heard mentioned, there is ample material for a good ticket which would fairly represent every interest in our community.

The good sense and judgment of the electors should unite upon such a ticket and elect without any unseemly squabble.

LATER.—Just as we go to press we learn that there is still another ticket mentioned, with Geo. Beers for chairman and James Kenan and Mike Laagdon for supervisors.

An Important Bill.

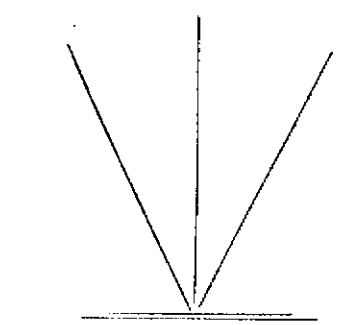
A bill has been reported and agreed upon and will pass the legislature, providing that an unincorporated village such as Rhinelander may be incorporated as a city, in the same manner now provided for the incorporation of an incorporated village into a city.

It was found that this could not be done in time to have the question of incorporation submitted to a vote before the spring election. So the matter must go over for another year. But it should not be forgotten. A petition should be filed in due season next year and the steps preliminary to a vote on the question should be taken. Then Rhinelander should appear in 1904 in a new spring suit that will fit her mature proportions, having cast off the swaddling clothes that were suited only to the infantile period of her history.

Sam T. Jack's Lily Clay Company opened at the Buckingham last night for a week's engagement. Too much for the company can not be said. From the opening burlesque, "Christo Columbus," to the closing burlesque "Mazeppa," the interest never flags. It is truly a company of all stars. Mezzos and Abecers do some wonderful acrobatic feats and are followed by Hawley and Doyle, the best clog and sand dancers ever seen in Louisville. Alice Gilmore, an Irish and negro melodies, was forced to answer to several encores. The "Verite Bros" were forced to appear before the audience three times. Their gymnastic feats were wonderful and also extremely amusing. They were followed by Julia Kelley, who received more applause than any other member of the company. Her banjo and bone solos were very pleasing. Her imitations with the bones were startling in their truthfulness to nature. Sandown, the strongest man who has ever been seen in this city, closed the variety part of the entertainment. He surprised the audience with his feats of strength. A trunk strap was fastened about his waist and drawn until his waist was compressed to eighteen inches from thirty-six inches. He then exerted this muscle and broke the strap. Chains were broken by the muscles of his arm and chest. Heavy dumb-bells from 110 to 312 pounds in weight were lifted, and other startling feats of strength done. The performance closed with "Mazeppa."—*Lockville Courier-Journal*, January 17.

"The people of this vicinity on having Chamberlain's Cough Syrup and do not want any more," says John V. Bishop, of Peoria, Illinois. That is right. Know it to be superior to any for colds, and as a preventive for croup, and why should not insist upon having it. 50 bottles for sale by J. Y. Potter Drug Store.

Spafford & Co



Experience approaches perfection in making as MUD-DAUBERS.

An Incident of Tale-Bearing in Missouri.

"Howdy, Mrs. Brown? Howdy, Becky—howdy?" This salutation, with a shade, perhaps, more of cordiality in the second clause than in the first, rouses me from the reverie into which I am in danger of falling in my despondent efforts to entertain one of my neighbors, Mrs. Becky Angin by name, who has come to spend the day with me, bringing with her an infant of a few months, her youngest child.

At the sound of a new voice I look up quickly to see standing on the porch another neighbor, Mrs. Dick Walton, Dick, the husband, is tying his team at the gate.

"It never rains but it pours," I say to myself. But I strive to feel a neighborly gladness as I invite her to enter and take off her bonnet. I do feel nothing but kindness, but I am relieved by her reply: "No, no; the floor's good enough for my bunnet—I can't stay long, anyhow."

I strive to infuse as much warmth into my manner as possible; yet I am somewhat appalled by the prospect of two of them to entertain for a whole day! They are such arid souls. I think with a rueful sigh of the work on my desk. But perhaps they will partially entertain each other; and I may do them some good. At least I can try. Such are my benevolent intentions, when my latest visitor continues that: "Dick wants to see you-uns 'bout berryin' yor double shovel. We 'lowed her drop in a minit; we're aimin' ter go to town this evenin'." Dick's in right smart of a hurry, for him!"

Meanwhile she deposits her ample person in a chair, moving it near the door, for it is a very warm day.

"Wall, how do all you-uns come on?" "We are all quite well, thank you," I reply; but Becky complains that she is "mighty poorly."

"That's a mighty peart baby you-uns got thar," "Is so?" remarks Mrs. Walton to Becky, quite ignoring the hostess. Becky smiles in a pleased way as she answers, in her soft, lazy drawl: "Wall, we-uns 'low hit's ruther peart. She's the prettiest baby I've had."

"You-uns got a right smart of garden truck, I reckon?" inquires Mrs. Walton. I boast a little, feeling that here at last is a chance to reestablish myself in her good opinion; for I have a sort of intuitive consciousness that she does not wholly approve of me, for some undefined reason. Unfortunately, it leaks out in the course of our conversation that I, personally, have very little to do with the garden truck as regards raising it; and that a woman should not tend the garden is an unpardonable sin!

To save a possible hiatus, I relate the dire "slaughter of the innocents" which has taken place in my poultry yard recently. A "varmint"—in other words, a skunk—has killed three of my finest chickens and so far has escaped retribution. Apprehensive of future visits and a consequent deficit in my broilers and future eggs, I indulge in a few regrets when Mrs. Walton takes the pipe from her mouth to say: "No sich never bothers me none."

"What do you do?" I meekly inquire. "No skunk gets any chicken from me. I'm thar jist as soon as the ol' hen hollers, an' I kill hit."

"But how do you kill it?" I ask, with interest, tempered with the consciousness that I had never yet killed a chicken, much less a skunk! But perhaps I might—in an emergency—to save my life!

"Huh! 'tain't hard! Jist take hit by the tail, right easy, tote hit to the wood pile an' chop hit's head off. 'Tain't hard; I've killed a right smart. Fancy me taking a skunk by the tail, 'right easy,' or any other way!"

But a diversion is created by the advent of Dick Walton, who has concluded to sit in the shade and smoke awhile before going to town. There is always "another day a-comin'" in our friend's almanac; besides, he suffers from a chronic "misery" in his

back" which the unbelieving unfeeling style "lazziness."

"Most ready to go, old woman, or haven't ye done tulk'n' yet?" he asks innocently of his wife, but he is in no haste. With the prospect of a good dinner, a seat in the shade, and his pipe and plenty of tobacco, Dick would remain the rest of the day with no disturbing qualms of conscience. More matches are supplied, his pipe duly lighted, and he takes up the dropped ends of the conversation, as it were, by inquiring in a casual, indifferent way: "Hoy you-uns heard 'bout ol' man Crabtree's a-beatin' of his wife?" We had not, so he proceeded to enlighten us.

"Twar Lyddy Meeks as war a-tellin' me. She war down to L— last Thursday war a week, an' war a-passin' Crabtree's house. I dunno what for she war up thar way now. She left her team under the shed at the mill. Flour's mighty high now; seem's like hit's a-raisin' the hull time. Mrs. Brown, hev you-uns any match?" My pipe's plum gone out!"

The requisite match having been supplied once more (Dick providently takes a dozen, for emergencies), his pipe is relighted and the narration goes on.

"As I war a-sayin', Lyddy Meeks war a-passin' Crabtree's house; an' she heard loud tulk'n' an' she looked in an' ol' man Crabtree war a-chasin' his wife from one room to tother. He had a big stick in his hand an' he war a-beatin' her right smart; an' she war a-hollerin' 'good an' tryin' to git away from him. When they see Lyddy a-peekin' they slammed to the door. Hit's a plum shame. Hit is so!"

We agreed with him; and asked if anything had been done.

"I dunno. I wish I'd bin thar! Lyddy war feared to go in. I'd mashed his head soft! I would thar!"

"But," I interposed, "there must be some mistake. Don't you think so? I have always thought Mr. Crabtree a quiet, peaceable old man. He has always seemed good to his wife; I can hardly believe Mrs. Meeks's story. She might be mistaken."

"Lyddy Meeks see hit with her own eyes. Hit's true I reckon."

"I'd think hit war true far sure, ef hit war the tother way!" giggled Becky.

"Wall, I dunno," put in Mrs. Walton, who had not interrupted her lord before. "Susan is mighty nigh broke down; and the Lord only knows what devilment a man won't be at, ef he turns hisself loose!"

"Susan orto mash his head soft!" reiterates Walton. He apparently is not aware that I have heard how narked he is to his wife; although from her size one would think she might be able to hold a man like Dick in proper subjection. But, although a small man, he is alert and wiry and would probably come off victor in such an encounter. Why is it that the very idea of a case of marital dissidents always seems to excite more laughter than tears? Sad and miserable it often must be—to one, at least, of the participants; and not entirely devoid of pitiable aspect to an observer, even when they are both insensible of the hideous farce in which they are taking part.

After smoking awhile longer, with repeated injunctions to "come down when you can" with freshly-lighted pipes and a good supply of matches, my latest visitors climb into their big wagon and drive away. They are still "aimin' to go to town this evenin'!"

Just as the sun is going down, Becky also departs, not forgetting the pressing invitation to "come down when you can."

The days drag their sultry hours away, one by one. Everything is drying up—would perish utterly, were it not for the heavy dews which keep the life in vegetation in a wonderful way. We say: "We never saw such a summer before," but we have! We are spent with the heat, but the cool nights revive us and give us courage to encounter the scorching days. Occasionally there floats to our ears more rumors concerning the Crabtree's, corroborative of what "Lyddy Meeks" saw with her own eyes. And somehow all of the accounts bear to each other a wonderful likeness. We begin to think that where there is so much smoke, there must be a little fire!

But I notice at intervals that the different stories are gradually assuming greater dimensions, and they are more tragic in the details. The members of my household suggest that perhaps we did not have a full account at first. Perhaps not.

The color of Mrs. Crabtree's gown is now given, with "its skirt torn from the waist." Her "bleeding wounds" manifestly need attention. Her screams, when "she howled right good," haunt me. There is a great deal of talk; but nobody seems to make it their business to investigate the matter. After all that has been said, that does not seem to be entirely just to the parties concerned. Withal, there is a pack, in different way with everybody that completely mystifies one.

No one seems to take the affair seriously to heart. The talk goes on and they seem greatly to enjoy it. Are they all utterly heartless? I cannot decide, for they are generally so kind when one is in need of help. But how they do tear one's good name to shreds!

Mrs. Angin tells all of her friends—Mrs. Walton tells all of hers, and each in his or her turn performs a similar duty. It is a case of geometrical progression.

There are some immediate, unpleasant results. Charlie Crabtree, a young man of good looks and good heart, gets a most emphatic and decided "mitten" from his sweetheart, Miss Lonie Swallow, without in the least knowing what it is all about; and he is very much bewildered and discomfited thereby. There begin to be sundry threats of violence, also. But these proceed mostly from men whose own homes are not beyond reproach.

"Less turn loose and hang him!" cries one of an idle group of loungers. But the bystanders jeer him derisively. There are also a few—a very few—dis-

senting voices; and there lacks a leader—a fact which explains much inaction in other cases besides this!

I hear of Mrs. Crabtree as confined to her bed with no one to nurse her but her cruel husband; and I heroically resolve to go and take care of the poor woman even at the risk of my life if need be.

But as I arrive at this decision I am suddenly taken very ill; and consequently I lose sight of the Crabtree case for a time. On my recovery I hear no more and conclude that the affair has died a natural death for lack of fuel, or of busy tongues to fan the flame.

Several weeks afterward, being in town, I go one Sunday evening to the little church where a number of my neighbors attend services, and where some of them are members.

The services are in progress when I enter. It is very warm. Palm-leaf fans are being plied vigorously. There seems to be no sermon. "It is a kind of prayer-meeting," I think, as I find a seat. Another hymn is sung, and then the pastor rises to make a few remarks. He begins by reading that lovely chapter of First Corinthians in which charity is so exquisitely defined.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth!"

The worthy pastor's after-remarks seem to me a trifle trite and commonplace, and I find myself wishing that he had contented himself with the apostle's beautiful letter. But finally he arouses every one's attention:

"Brethren and sisters! I take this opportunity to allow one of us—Brother Crabtree—to make an explanation about a certain matter—of which, I am sorry to say, there has been a great deal of talk; and some of it no, at all in the spirit of the chapter which we have just read. It is to be hoped, my dear brethren, that this matter—will go no farther, but that we will all remember to practice the 'charity' that thinketh no evil!"

"Brother Crabtree" rises slowly and stiffly. He clears his throat and pauses. There is no lack of attention. Every neck is craned in his direction; every eye is fastened on his face, every ear is stretched to its widest, so to speak; and nearly every mouth is literally in the same condition! I am so irreverent that I long for the pencil of a Nast, or at least to be able to "press the button" that I may catch the horrified and ludicrous expression on some of the faces.

The silence is intense. What is going to be revealed of that mysterious case? What repentant confession of guilt? I may be wrong, but I fear the uncharitable ones feel no pity. All their thoughts are merged in his confession. The fans cease to move; the men and boys to chew tobacco—they almost forget to breathe. In their pent-up lives it is a supreme moment. And I confess that I am not without curiosity and interest. Oh, poor human nature! Always so prone and keen to anticipate the dread "judgment day!" And so rarely anxious to cover up with mercy's veil any sins of our own. At last he speaks. This is his confession:

"Brethren and sisters," he begins, "I disremember jist what mornin' 'twas that my wife said she was plum tired of them air 'mud-daubers' and I got me a lath an' I went for 'em. I knocked down a right smart of the nests an' I killed a heap of the wasps, an' my wife war a-sweepin' up the dirt, an' we see Mrs. Meeks a-peekin' an' I jist hed to set right, down an' lath an' git rested some. I disremember ef we shed the door or not. I didn't 'low to hit my wife none. She's here; ye kin ask her."

He sat down suddenly, having probably made the longest speech of his life.

"We will now hear from Sister Crabtree," supplements the pastor.

"Sister Crabtree" rises in her place so promptly and begins to speak so vehemently that I suspect she has been longing for the opportunity. She is a tall, spare woman with keen, bright eyes and dark hair with gray streaks like wisps of hay. She looks quite capable of holding her own as against her husband, who is a mild-mannered old man with white hair, and his tall form is somewhat bent with age and labor.

"Thar's been a heap more talk," she says grimly, "bout us than thar war any call fur. My husband war a-luckin' down the mud-daubers' nests, jist as he says. We've always aimed to tend to our own bizness an' not bother nobody. An' ef we want help we kin call 'em in. My husband's bin mighty good to me; he never struck me no blow; an' his fur's I know he didn't aim to thar air mornin'."

I dunno who started the story that he war a-beatin' of me. I reckon I kin take keer of myself! But hit 'pears like they had little to do! But I haint a-keerin'! The hull tow o could a peeked ef they'd wanted to. They wouldn't a-seen nothin'! 'Twasn't me that howled. Any time that he killed one he'd holler out: 'Thar! I've got ye' or some sitch fool talk; but I dunno's 'twas a crime! Ef some folks will jist tend to their own business—"

But here the good pastor interposes. He fears that, in his efforts to make peace, he has stirred up a "hornet's nest." Sister Crabtree is allowing her hurt feelings to carry her too far, forgetful of the time and place! He hurriedly and anxiously speaks:

"There, Sister Crabtree! That will do, I think. We are abundantly satisfied. I hope we may all be very slow to believe evil or to carry tales. Brother Mizor, will you lead in prayer?"

The current of life in L— flows on as smoothly as ever. I am happy to be able to state that Charlie Crabtree and Miss Lonie Swallow have been reconciled, and will soon be married. Margaret S. Sibley, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Sheep farmers in France are returning to the pure Merino breed for mutton, as well as wool. They find that mutton sells at the same price, no matter what the breed, and that Merino wool pays better than coarser breeds, both as to quality and quantity of fleece.

—Eight miners at Jarjevka, Russia, were imprisoned in a mine by its being suddenly flooded with water a month or so since. It took ten days to pump the water out, and all hopes of their rescue were abandoned, but when reached they were still living, although terribly exhausted, having eaten nothing during the whole time of their imprisonment.

—From a recent official return it appears that there were ninety-three deaths by suicide in Bombay last year. In proportion to population the Parssees head the list, followed by Europeans, while the native Christians are at the bottom. The female suicides are mainly among Hindoos, and twenty-two of them were married women between the ages of twelve and thirty.

—No sooner have European aeronauts improved their balloons almost to the point of perfection for military uses than along comes a Russian scientist with an apparatus which captures the rays of the sun and employs them to burn balloons. A Russian paper states that the balloons can be burned when at a distance of five kilometers from the person handling the apparatus.

—A curious strike is reported from Oettingen, Germany. During the last army maneuvers there a large number of bombshells thrown by the artillery penetrated the ground without exploding. The peasants in that vicinity have now stopped work in the fields and cannot be prevailed upon to resume their work. Preparation of the soil for spring planting is delayed, but the peasants will not plow until the artillerymen remove the dangerous bombshells.

—New milk retails for two cents per quart in the Apennine region of France. In this section the farms are all very small, and but very little trade is done. The owners do but little buying or selling, but make their crops and stock almost completely supply their needs. Yet these peasants always have a vacation at a neighboring watering place, where their room costs only ten cents per day, and they cook their meals in a general kitchen. Artificial irrigation is practiced to some extent in that thrifty section.

—Tasmania's revenue for last year was £790,000, a diminution of £94,000 compared with 1891. New South Wales's revenue for 1892 shows an increase of £400,000 over the previous year, but there is a deficit on the financial operations of the year of £325,000, which is £156,000 in excess of the treasurer's estimate. The revenue of Queensland for 1893 was £1,953,000, an increase of £65,000 over 1891. A forecast of the next Indian budget, made in Calcutta, anticipates a deficit of 100 lakhs of rupees instead of the estimated surplus of 14 lakhs. The probable deficit is attributed by the newspaper publishing the forecast entirely to the fall in exchange, although the railway receipts for the year are greatly below the estimate.

HOW HAREMS ARE RECRUITED.

The High Prices Paid for Girls in the Turkish Slave Market.

The slave trade is the chief source of recruits for the Turkish harem. All assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, it still flourishes in the city of the sultan. The headquarters of the white slave trade are in the Bostanli quarter, which comprise a number of small, narrow streets between Pera, Galata, and Topkapi. The trade is conducted almost exclusively by a tribe of Tchekkes known as the Essirdihis. Families generally work together. One brother, for example, stops at home and minds the shop while the others go abroad and purchase and forward the raw material of the commerce. Negotiations with purchasers are conducted through the intermediary of Arab brokers, who call regularly on their patrons to inquire if they are wanting anything in black eunuchs or white girls—just as Manchester commission agents draw for orders among merchants and shippers, and like them they are remunerated by percentage on sales.

The rendezvous of these gentry is a coffee-house in the Bostanli quarter, the entry to which is strictly forbidden to all save followers of the prophet. To obtain trustworthy information as to current prices is naturally in these circumstances attended with some difficulty, but approximately, and as nearly as can be ascertained, they are as follows: A white boy in good health, from eight to fourteen years old, costs eight to ten dollars; if he has any acquirements, such, for instance, as a knowledge of scultery or other housework, he will command twice as much. A girl under 10 years old may be had for \$4, while a maiden between 12 and 16, especially if she can read or write and strum a little on the zitter, is worth \$1,000. A female slave of exceptional beauty, young, white, and a virgin—the style most in vogue—are blondes with black eyes—fetches from \$5,000 to \$7,500. For a very choice specimen, with a smattering of French and able to play a few airs on the piano, a rich amateur has been known to pay as much as \$12,500. But, as may be supposed, the demand for articles of this description has greatly fallen off since the halcyon time of perpetual loans and profuse expenditures.

Black slaves, who are brought principally from Africa, are either sold direct by the importers to the proprietors of harems or to dealers, two of whom have extensive private marts in Stamboul. These two generally keep on hand 100 to 200 each. There are also depots in Scutari and in several villages on the Bosphorus. A strong, black slave sells for about \$100; a black maiden, \$75 to \$90.

The Turks themselves see no more wrong in slavery than in polygamy. It

is permitted by their religion, and enjoys the sanction of ancient custom; it is inseparably associated with their social habits, and, in spite of all the protests of the Christian powers, will endure as long as the Osmanli rule in Stamboul. But let us do no justice the unspeakable. He treats his slaves well. He not rarely marries them, and many a man born in bondage has risen to the highest offices of the state.—Chicago Times.

TRANSYLVANIA WINE.

Peasants Treading the Grapes in the Old Style of Classic Days.

Across the fields, from every direction, crept the ox-teams, followed by groups of peasants. Already in the vine-gardens the work had begun; the unyoked oxen lay in the pleasant shade; carts, with the wine-casks set in them, were drawn up here and there in a little open space; the white figures went to and fro among the vines; there was a buzz of voices from every side, and now and then snatches of song. Up and down the broad alleys through the vineyards we strayed, the sun burning us with fiercer heat as it rose higher and higher, the warmth and the scents of summer everywhere on the busy hill-side. At each vineyard we were laden with a fresh burden of grapes, and we ate them as we went, flinging bunch after bunch to the begging gypsy children who romped at our heels. Long before noon a man with loose white trousers rolled high above his knees was jumping in every vine-cask, the juice in rich reddish streams falling into the buckets set below. At noon the smoke from many camp-kettles rose above the vines, and mingling with the sweet scents of summer was the smell of the midday gulyas.

As we passed the large vineyards we saw in each little white house of the guardian a banquet spread, and around the table one of the gypsy bands from the hotel of the town stood playing. But at the smaller vineyards the cloth was laid on the grass, or on a table under a rude shed, and here Romanies in peasant dress from the near villages were fiddling away under the trees, while men, pressing the grapes in the casks, danced wildly to the music, throwing their brown, grape-stained arms above their heads, every now and then a mad couple twirling round and round on the smooth grass; snailing Wallachs were begging us to taste the new wine; even the children in the nun's garden were plonetting and singing, while the black-robed sisters and the priest in the caskock clanked up on the cask the number of buckets emptied into it.

In Tuscan, when we went to the vintage, the peasants pressed the wines inside dark, gloomy cellars; in Provence, the land of "sambart mirth," the grapes were crushed by steam in brand-new buildings with all the latest modern improvements. It was only in Transylvania that we found the peasants dancing in the old glad, free fashion of classic days, out in the sunshine, to the sound of music.

The sun was setting when we saw the long white line again moving across the fields to the town opposite, with the cathedral-crowned fortress towering above it, and far away on each side toward neighboring villages. The light was fading when we started after them, and stalking through the stubble came the black line of the gypsy bands, in each one man with his bass viol held over his shoulder like some strange, mystic banner. They played in the hotel restaurant that evening, when the town was gay with the gaiety of an abundant vintage.—Century.

THE ROYAL CAMERONS.

A Celebrated Regiment of the British Army and Its History.

It is over one hundred years since Alan Cameron, of Inverness, a Highland gentleman with Jacobite ancestry, was intrusted with the raising of a regiment of foot, to be called the "Cameron Volunteers." The limit age for the recruits was to be thirty-five, and it was to contain six hundred and fifty-four non-commissioned officers, and men and thirty officers, a strength subsequently raised to one thousand.

Mr. Cameron became lieutenant-colonel, and the picturesque tartan, the regiment still wears, was designed by his wife. The newly-raised force was first under fire at Egmont-op-Zee, in Flanders, in 1799, and after service in Egypt in 1801 went through the Peninsular war.

At Waterloo and Quatre Bras it had no fewer than four hundred and seventy-nine killed and wounded, and in the Crimea and India its services were equally glorious.

The regiment was at Tel-el-Kebir, and took part in the Khartoum relief expedition. Its unattached position as a battalion is due to the circumstance that when in 1873 it was decided to link the battalions in pairs there were one hundred and forty-one battalions, and the Camerons chanced to be the one left unpaired. New colors were presented to it by Queen Victoria, and it has since been entitled the Seventy-ninth Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.—Chicago Times.

A Nursery Idea.

In many nurseries in England there is to be found upon the wall a large card, perhaps two by three feet. At the top of the card is written the name and address of the nearest doctor, or the one to be called in case of accident. Beneath are the words: "What to do and how to do it." There is a list of the accidents most liable to happen to children and the remedy for each. Bites and swallowed buttons, bleeding nose, burns, convulsions, stings, bruises and sprains, and poisons are all provided for; and in a box beneath the card are kept absorbent cotton, court-plaster, lint, ammonia, and various necessities that are only to be used in cases of accident. When general chaos reigns, and even the intelligent have lost their wits, this card is invaluable. 'Tis able to read and understand it might be one of the tests used in engaging a nurse-maid. Printed cards would probably be read more readily than those written.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BREAD

Which Housekeepers Should Especially Consider.

A serious danger menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum barked powders that are now being urged upon the public. There is no question as to the detrimental effects of these powders upon the system. Every Board of Health, every physician, will tell you of the unwholesome qualities they add to the food. Some countries have absolutely prohibited the sale of bread containing alum.

Even small doses of alum, given to children, have produced fatal results, while cases of heartburn, indigestion, griping constipation, dyspepsia, and various kindred gastric troubles from irritation of the mucous membrane, caused by the continuous use of food prepared with the alum or alum-phosphate powders, are familiar in the practice of every physician.

It is not possible that any prudent housewife, any loving mother, will knowingly use an article of food that will injure the health of her household, or perhaps cause the death of her children.

How shall the dangerous alum powders be distinguished? And how shall the danger to health from their use be avoided?

Generally, alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents a pound to make, and is often sold at 20 or 25 cents a pound. If some present is given with it, the price may be 30, 40 or 50 cents a pound.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price, or advertised as costing only half as much as cream of tartar powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health, and to be avoided.

But the easy, safe, and certain protection of our bread, biscuit and cake from all danger of unwholesomeness is in the use of the Royal Baking Powder only. This powder is mentioned because of the innumerable reports in its favor by high medical authorities, by the U. S. Government, and by the official chemists and Boards of Health, which leave no doubt as to its entire freedom from alum, lime and ammonia, its absolute purity and wholesomeness. While its use is thus a safeguard against the poisonous alum powders it is satisfactory at the same time to know that it makes the whitest, lightest, sweetest and most delicious food, which will keep moist and fresh longer, and that can be eaten with immunity hot or cold, stale or fresh, and also that owing to its greater strength it is more economical than others.

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders. If a grocer urges the sale of the cheap, impure, alum brands, it should be borne in mind that it is because he can make more profit on them. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

Takes no chances through using a doubtful article where so important a matter as the health or life of dear ones is at stake.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—To a pint of sour milk, add a level teaspoonful of baking soda, two of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; mix in slowly as much fine oatmeal as will make a rather stiff batter, drop in well-greased muffin rings and bake.—Country Gentleman.

FISH SAUCE.—Melt one-fourth pound of butter; add one tablespoonful of flour; then one glassful of cider or water, with salt, pepper and herbs. Boil the fish in this. Then take out the herbs, add some mushrooms, or oysters, beat the yolks of two eggs, cool a little of the sauce, add two eggs to this then add to the whole. Just before it boils again, pour over fish.—Good House-keeping.

PULLED TAFKY.—Three cups granulated sugar; one cup vinegar and water, equal parts (or one-third vinegar and two-thirds water, if vinegar is strong); a piece of butter size of an egg. Boil sugar, water and vinegar until half done, then add butter, stirring only enough to incorporate the butter, and boil till done. Drop a little candy now and then in water to test by pulling it apart; if it snaps it is done, when it must be immediately poured into a buttered plate. Pull till white.—Ohio Farmer.

BOILED SOFT APPLES.—Four apples cooked in this way are usually preferred to baked ones. Wipe the apples, remove their stems and dried blossoms, and make four or five upright slashes in the skin of each to prevent bursting. Arrange the fruit on the bottom of a pan, add a quarter of an inch of water, cover closely, and cook in the oven or upon the range until the apples are done but not broken. The seeds add a faint almond flavor. This method is as easy as baking in an open pan, and the apples are not likely to be burned when cooked in this way.—Delineator.

LITTLE GEMS.

Love never loses by being tested.

Bless in the bonnet never make honey.

There is no blacker devil than revenge.

Peace dies the moment envy shows its head.

It is only the truth we obey that can do us good.

What some people call prudence is often what others call meanness.

There is no investment that pays any better dividends than doing good.

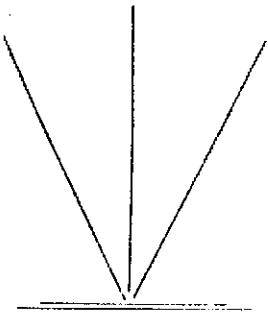
The man who never told a lie, hadn't better spoil his record by saying so.

When Satan got out of Heaven he took just enough of the angel to fool the folk.

It is better to go to bed hungry once in awhile than to get up every morning head over heels in debt.—Ram's Horn.

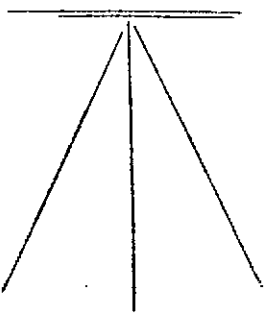
"The people of this vicinity insist on having Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and do not want any other," says John V. Bishop, of Portland Mills, Indiana. That is right. They know it to be superior to any other for colds, and as a preventive and cure for croup, and why should they not insist upon having it. 50 cent bottles for sale by J. Y. Potter Co. Drug Store.

Spafford & Cole.



Experience approaches perfection in making as well as buying. Every season produces new styles. No less so in Men's and Boys' Suits. They all say "Largest Stock. Best styles and Lowest Prices." We may have been foolish in buying so much Clothing, but we have bought and here it is Boys' suits from \$1.50 to \$12.00 Men's suits from \$3.50 to \$20. Men's all wool suits at \$6.00. Why, you can't get the cloth for that money. People who depend on the clothing trade alone can't give you such low prices. We are not first and in front alone in Clothing, but in Furnishing Goods as well, such as hats and nobby caps, etc. You find with us the latest styles in hats such as Columbia, Royal, Stetson (in all styles), and Fancy negligee shirts and shoes without end or limit.

We show a large line of some of the best makes in driving shoes at very low prices. Now don't forget the other side of the business. Women's wear of all kinds. A beautiful line of spring wraps in the height of fashion in form and color and far below last year's prices. Do not buy until you see our line.



Spafford & Cole.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE TOWN OF PELICAN.

A Card.
Being urged by a large number of tax payers of the town of Pelican and the village of Rhineland, I hereby announce to my friends that I am a candidate for the office of town assessor at the coming town meeting, and ask their support for that office. I promise if I am elected to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability. G. EBY.

A Card.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Assessor at the coming election. Have lived among you for several years and never asked for office, and ask for it now for the reason that I am unable to do other work, owing to the loss of my arm a few weeks ago. If nominated and elected I promise to attend to the duties of the office faithfully and impartially. J. L. McLAGGLEN.

A Card.
I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of town Treasurer. If elected to that office I will endeavor to discharge the duties incumbent upon me carefully and faithfully and to the best of my ability. WILLIS JEWELL.

A Card.
At the solicitation of many friends and tax payers I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Street Commissioner at the coming election. If elected I will perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability. GEO. OLESON.

A Card.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assessor at the coming election, and respectfully ask your support. I promise to attend to the duties of the office faithfully if elected. J. A. GERMOND.

Fresh green onions at R. Reed's.

Holland cabbage at R. Reed's.

Parsnips and sweet potatoes at R. Reed's.

Strictly fresh eggs and choice butter at R. Reed's.

Winter Nellis pears, Malaga grapes and Washington Navel oranges at R. Reed's.

Town Treas. Thos. B. Walsh, of Eagle River, was in town Wednesday making his returns to the county treasurer.

M. Langdon, the merchant on the corner opposite the Rapids House, has an announcement in the New North this week, that it will pay you to read.

Hildebrand is on deck with a full stock of baby carriages for the season of '93. Quality and style at the top and bottom prices.

The bill creating Vilas county passed the assembly Tuesday, as was expected. It will probably come before the Senate some time next week.

We would call the attention of our readers to J. R. Binder's ad. in this issue. Mr. Binder desires to close out his entire stock of silverware and jewelry at once, and so offers all goods in that line at manufacturer's prices.

No rules should be held as important as the rules offered by the arithmetic of life; to add to the happiness, subtract from the pains, multiply the joys and divide the sorrows of as many human souls as thou canst reach.

Don't neglect the comfort of the little ones. When you can make life more pleasant and comfortable for them and yourself do so. Hildebrand has just received a handsome line of baby carriages at prices from \$5.00 up. He handles the Whitney carriage, the best in the market. The wheels are provided with patent dust-proof hubs and are instantly detachable without the use of a wrench. All early while the stock is complete.

"Cleopatra" will be produced at the New Grand Opera House, Monday, Mar. 27, by Turner's English Girls Burlesque Company. This organization is easily the leader of its kind in the United States, and, although this is its first appearance its fame should be sufficient to fill the house on the opening night. Everybody anticipates witnessing a remarkable spectacle and the management claim the production will be a complete justification. The costumes are of a character which theatre-goers are unfamiliar with in connection with local or traveling presentations. Everything is made from rich material and from designs artistically fine. The blending of colors is superb, and the evolution of the large number of people on the stage produces a kaleidoscopic effect of rare brilliancy. The company that Mr. Turner has gotten together is admirable. Miss Helen Baker in the title role acts and sings charmingly, and her personality is delightfully picturesque. Misses Russell, Fleming, Hazel and Rose Montaine appear as the principals in the much-talked-of "Serpentine Dance" and create a sensation at every performance. The "Parisian Folly Dance" is given with pretty chorus effects during act second. During the performance many specialties are introduced.

Sam T. Jack, the greatest manager of burlesque shows in the world began his theatrical career at the bottom of the ladder and served a hard apprenticeship in the various branches of the profession before he attained the exalted position he now holds. Mr. Jack will be remembered at one time as the representative of Mr. M. R. Leavitt in various enterprises. He today is the most prominent variety manager in the United States. Mr. Jack is manager of Sam. T. Jack's Big Burlesque Co., the Forty thieves, Mazeppa, Folly, Lily Clay, Creole and various other successful companies several of which have been seen here. He is also manager and proprietor of the Madison Street Opera House, Chicago, Ill., the western home of burlesque in which his company usually give their initial performances under his personal supervision. Success has crowned his efforts in every undertaking of recent years.

Our popular dairyman, John O'Brien, is the happy possessor of one of the finest and best bred trotting colts that stands in the state. The colt is two years old this spring, stands fifteen and one-half hands high and is standard under rule six. He goes by the name of Calithorne, and was bred and raised by the great breeder, L. U. Shippee, at Stockton, California. Mr. O'Brien secured this colt at the great Berry sale of trotting stock held in Chicago last month in the advice of some of our local horsemen. His intention is to keep him in the stud until he is four years old, when he will be sent for a low mark. The colt was sired by the great young sire California Lambert. The dam was sired by Hawthorne, the best son that the celebrated Nottwood has. The colt has a half brother with a three year old mark of 2:10 1/2, and a full brother in blood with a two year old mark of 2:20. Calithorne is a natural trotter himself, and can show considerable speed although he has only been in harness a few weeks. His career will be watched closely by all lovers of good horses in this section of the state, and we wish for Mr. O'Brien the fullest measure of success for his grit and enterprise.

St. Patrick's Day.
The celebration of St. Patrick's day has come to be an event of more than ordinary significance in Rhineland. The fact that the Opera House was crowded from the stage to the door, last Friday evening, with our best people, who paid 25 cents apiece for the privilege of listening to the exercises, would sufficiently indicate this interest.

A most pleasant and praiseworthy feature of these observances has been the participation in them of people of all church denominations and of those who belong to no church. Our Catholic friends do themselves credit by inviting those who are outside of their communion to take part in these exercises, and those who are thus invited do themselves equal credit by accepting the invitation. To celebrate St. Patrick's Day is to honor moral heroism, and all can freely join in such an observance. To do so strongly tends to promote good feeling in the community and discourage sectarianism. Cliques, factions and sects, with the strife and bitterness they engender, are the bane of smaller towns and cities.

The Catholic church in Rhineland is to be congratulated upon the fact that they have a leader in the person of Father July who is wise enough and liberal enough to cultivate friendly relations with the people, irrespective of creed or party.

Union Revival Meetings.
These meetings have been well attended and have proved very interesting. The themes discussed have been important and the discussion has been mainly. Large numbers have indicated their desire to begin a new life, and many have given themselves to Christ. The meetings will close with Friday evening. Those who have not heard Mr. Hartsough must do so quickly or miss the opportunity.

On Tuesday evening the theme was "The New Birth—What is it?" The evangelist said it was the change of the heart's affections, so that the man would love spiritual things and spiritual work, and hence would enjoy doing those things which make for the building up of the kingdom of Christ. All are kindly invited. Come and hear Mr. Hartsough before he leaves.

Three days is a very short time in which to cure a bad case of rheumatism; but it can be done, if the proper treatment is adopted, as will be seen by the following from James Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ill.: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day; and would insist on every one who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once." 50 cent bottles for sale by J. Y. Potter Co. Drug Store.

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We have a large stock of the above goods, which we are selling at a great bargain. We also have a full line of

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Shop worn goods, neither am I closing out, but, I will offer to the public on and after

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Strictly fresh goods from the best manufacturers at greatly reduced prices for CASH.

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M. LANGDON.

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Always stocked with reasonable goods. The finest butter eggs and everything usual found in a general grocery. Potatoes at 10c a bushel or 10c a bushel. Call on Brown street.

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DEALER IN
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Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.
Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.
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Wine, Liquor and Cigar
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My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

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With a spring Stock of the highest quality. Our special effort for the spring season is to increase the purchasing power of your dollar with

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C. E. CRUSOE & Co.

MICHIGAN STORE.



A Forced No Lead.

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HERE were only three people in the room beside the whist players—the old gentleman who sat in the corner of the room and was always reading, and Julia McCullough and young Stevens, who were in another corner, half shielded by the Japanese screen.

Of the card players one was old Mr. McCullough, to whom whist was the business of life. A second was old Mrs. McCullough, who played excellently, but never could be utterly deaf to the claims of the outside world.

The third was Mr. Richmond, a successful lawyer, something over fifty, with closely-cut gray hair, quick, keen eyes, a manner which very likely had been nervous, but was now only incisive, and an utterly absorbed attention to the matter in hand. People said Richmond had had a disappointment in love, which had kept him a bachelor and perhaps encouraged the habit of absorption—a fact which caused Julia McCullough and young Stevens to regard him with deep and respectful sympathy.

The fourth player was old Mr. McCullough's partner, and just at present she groined under such a cloud of disapproval that it would have been a relief to have escaped notice altogether. She was a silent, smooth, unassertive, unmarried woman, whose game Mr. McCullough had trained, trimmed and pruned, in season and out of season, until, as a matter of self-preservation, she learned to play better than he.

But it was owing to her that Mr. McCullough now fidgeted in his chair and glared at a nine-spot as if each club on its surface were a weapon of assassination. It was but eight o'clock in the evening, and she was playing only till the stage came to take her to the train on which she was to leave—break up the game and leave. No wonder that Mr. McCullough was almost speechless with rage. No wonder that Mrs. McCullough fatally wandered, so that she mistook a knave for a king and pulled in her opponent's trick. Even Mr. Richmond, who scarcely knew how Miss Selwyn looked, so rarely he raised his eyes from the table, felt that her conduct was injurious.

"May I be permitted to inquire, Charlotte," asked Mr. McCullough, in an awful voice, "since when a knave has been advanced to the distinction of taking a king of the same suit?"

"Gracious!" admitted Mrs. McCullough, pushing the cards to Miss Selwyn, who was so cowed by the universal disapproval that she received them as a free gift.

"Of course it is impossible to be even decently attentive in the midst of such willful disturbance," remarked Mr. McCullough.

"If it were not a case of illness"—began Miss Selwyn, apologetically.

"People have no business to be ill," snapped Mr. McCullough.

"Do you suppose Susan will be able to get there, too?" asked Mrs. McCullough.

"I hope so," returned Miss Selwyn.

"Come, come, Charlotte!" exclaimed Mr. McCullough; "for heaven's sake let us play while we can!"

Julia McCullough and young Stevens were talking in low tones behind the screen.

"Did you really pin it up?" asked Julia, with apprehensive pleasure.

"I really did," returned young Stevens, "in the hall. I knew how strained the situation would be to-night, and as it is my last evening I wanted to be peaceful. They might have asked one of us to take a hand."

"I wouldn't have done it," said Julia, firmly.

"Yes, you would, you poor lamb, or I would have taken your place and lost my temper. I can get along with your uncle anywhere but at the whist table."

One of the hotel servants came to the door—the stage was leaving. Miss Selwyn rose, looking ready to cry. The cards had just been dealt.

"I am very sorry," she said.

"Sorry?" growled Mr. McCullough; "we may have to play with a dummy!"

"There isn't a soul in the house that can play," sighed Mrs. McCullough. Richmond rose to go with Miss Selwyn to the door.

He put her in the carriage and returned. Not a word had been spoken. He walked restlessly to a book-case and read the titles. The old man in the corner buried himself deeper in his pages; the young girl and her companion became more involved in winding worsted. Mrs. McCullough sorted her hand mechanically. Mr. McCullough drummed on the table and looked ready to burst with rage. It was as if nature were preparing for a cataclysm.

Suddenly they all, except the reader, looked up. A woman stood in the doorway—a fine-looking though not a young woman. Her gray hair rose straight from her handsome forehead; her clear complexion was a little flushed, but she spoke with perfect self-possession.

"I saw the notice pinned up in the hall," she said. "I am a good whist player. Would you like to have me make up the hand?"

Young Stevens rose with a side glance at Julia, who looked a little scared.

"Pinned up in the hall?" repeated old Mr. McCullough doubtfully.

"Yes," she said distinctly, with a swift glance that took in all the occupants of the room; "the notice saying that there were three whist players in the east card room who wanted a fourth at a quarter past eight. Only good players need apply."

Richmond glanced at the young man with a certain severity, behind which

was a gleam of amusement, and came toward the card table.

"I—" began young Stevens, but it was old Mrs. McCullough who settled the matter.

"Well," she interrupted, "do come and sit down. I'm sure I don't know how you got here, but we're glad enough to see you. I'll play with Mr. McCullough because I am used to him. You can play with my partner."

"We're wasting a lot of precious time," said Mr. McCullough, and the handsome woman came forward from the doorway and picked up the cards that lay at her place.

Richmond seated himself opposite and for ten minutes not a word was spoken. She did play well—one of those intelligent, pliable games which show science, memory and comprehension. Richmond was delighted with her. If at a critical point he planned a brilliant stroke she caught his intention instantly and cooperated. He was not curious concerning her personally; he had barely looked at her; she was simply his skillful comrade.

It was her deal, and as she picked up the cards she shuffled them once. Richmond's eyes were on her fingers and he started a little. She mixed the cards by an odd bit of manipulation. He had never seen but one other person do it. The next time he watched her; then he glanced from her fingers to her face in sudden, sharp inquiry. Her eyes were on his; they were a look that might have been triumph. The game went on. The low tones of the young people were almost whispers.

"If you had that ace you were a long time playing it, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough at the end of a hand.

"One doesn't win by being in a hurry," she answered easily.

"No," said the stranger, speaking for almost the first time, "one does not."

The words were simple, but to Richmond's ear they were emphatic. He looked at her with a certain air of suspense, and again she met his look. Another hand was played.

"You did it that time," said Richmond at the end of it, as he scored three tricks.

"Yes," said she, smiling. "I thought it was time I took matters into my own hands."

He turned a little pale and dealt the cards with his eyes on her face. The evening slipped on; the game was close and interesting.

"That play of yours was an unusual one," said Richmond, "but successful."

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "I broke all rules to do it. It was a forced lead, but there seemed nothing else to do."

There were bright red spots in her cheeks, and she held her handsome head very high as she spoke. He laid down his cards as if to stop playing; then—

"It saved the game," he said, concisely, as he picked them up again.

"I thought you had that queen, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough, in reproach, "from the way you played before."

"It is dangerous to draw inferences," said Richmond quickly, looking across the table.

"Not usually," she answered, lightly, "if one knows one's partner."

At ten o'clock Richmond, instead of taking up the hand she had just dealt him, put both his arms on the table

and leaned across it. Mrs. McCullough looked as if the skies would fall, and Mr. McCullough said: "Come! come!" Richmond heeded neither of them.

"Will you tell me why you played as you did?" he asked, with sudden sternness. His partner looked at him and her eyes fell for a moment. Then, with her first full composure, she answered:

"It has taken me a long time to return your lead; but I found, soon enough, that it was from what is my strongest suit as well."

"Come, come!" said Mr. McCullough; "a great deal of talk about a hand that is past and gone. Pick up your cards, man!"

Instead of doing so Richmond stood up. The young people stopped talking, and even the reading old man laid down his book.

"Is your name still Frances Edgingham?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, rising too.

"Have you come back to me?"

"Yes," she said again.

"I have waited a long time," he went on.

"Yes." There was a pause.

"Will you come with me into the parlor across the hall and let me speak to you?"

She bowed, and tossing down her cards she passed out of the room and he followed her.

If Mrs. McCullough had ever allowed profanity in her presence she might have had to listen to it then. For several moments Mr. McCullough found nothing appropriate in his vocabulary.

"Are we never going to have a decent game of whist?" he thundered at last.

Little Mabel—"Mamma, don't you think I can teach Fido to talk?"

Mamma—"No, dear, what made you think you could?" Little Mabel—"Well, when I gave him his dinner he growled just like you say papa does when his meal doesn't please him."

Later Ocean.

THE NEEDLE.

Curious Facts About a Most Common as Well as a Very Useful Article.

As a matter of fact, the art of needle-making was kept secret until about 1650, when it was revealed by Christopher Greening. In the little town of Redditch, a few miles from Birmingham, the needle-makers still ply their trade for all the world. Twenty thousand people make over a hundred millions of needles a year. From the ugly pig of iron to the fairy-like needle, manifold processes, but probably the drilling of the eye is the most interesting of all. The experts can easily perforate a hair, and thread it with its own end. The steel wire is cut into the length of a bristle, and the needles are born as twins, heads together, feet furthest apart. In the old days the ends were sharpened at a cost of life that made this industry more deadly than war. The "grinders' asthma," by which strong men's lungs were inwardly ground to pieces by inhaled particles of steel, sent tens of thousands of strong men. Now, a blast of air away from the grindstone makes a grinder's life a first-class risk for insurance companies. Tempering, annealing and polishing are all worth seeing in the process.

So easily and cheaply can English needles be made and exported that on our American tariff needles stand on the free list. We have no hand-needle industry to be protected. We still depend on John Bull and the gentleman who wears the spiked helmet.

But do not our Yankees, who invent, who harness the rivers, the lightning, and the child of wedded fire and water to do their work, make any needles?

Yes; for it was the Yankee who made the needle turn a somersault. All the world since the first fig-leaves sewed threaded the needle in one fashion. It was the Yankee who discovered that it was threaded at the wrong end. He declared the business end of a needle to be, like that of a bee, farthest from its head. Either Elias Howe, or the other man, who did not win the lawsuit, was the first man who, like the hero in Greek mythology, held the "eye" in his hands, and put it where he would. He drilled the needle and inserted the thread at the other end, and set it in arms of steel, multiplying its potency. As Americans gave the world the sewing-machine and a new kind of needle, so they manufacture this sort and this only. At Springfield, Mass., the National Needle Co. make and finish every year thirty million machine needles. Prussia, the great War Power, put a spike on her helmet and a needle in her gun, and with the latter humbled Austria. The United States, which, as President Arthur declared, is the great Pacific power, put her needle in frame and treadle to lighten toil and clothe the naked. Probably there is a true parable here.

"As naked as a needle" is an old proverb, yet, though nude and limbless, the needle has features and anatomy. Yet all the world does not see eye to eye, as their terms and description show. Missionaries who translate the Gospel, in which a camel and a needle, a rich man and the kingdom of Heaven, meet only to separate, must keep their own eyes open. The translator of the Korean New Testament had to write: "It is easier for a camel to go through the ear of a needle." And this through the Koreans, like the Japanese and unlike the Chinese, wear no earrings. The ear of the needle! But had what gossip could the steel give to a tongue, had it one?

In English literature how often the needle shines! The open book of London street names—a volume of English literature in itself—fills of Thread-needle street. There were three needles in the arms of the Needle-makers' company, of London, but "the Old Lady of Threadneedle street" is the Bank of England. All England took up Cobden's epithet, which stuck to this Mrs. Partington of his time. Does not Dr. Marigold call a bank-note "a silver curl paper which I myself took off the shining lock of the ever-beautiful lady?" From great Shakespeare to the poet of "Sunset and Evening Star," the shining inch or two is often mentioned. Even in politics and controversy an act of parliament is only "the needle to draw in the thread" of the new measure. Proverbs also and folk-lore locate the needle in strange places. Was the swain popping the question when the haystack was made the symbol of useless search? Is there not more of paganism than of Christianity in the name "devil's needle" given to the dragon-fly? Are not our first parents and their limitations pictured in the term bestowed upon the thorns and fibers of the yucca-plant, of "Adam's needle and thread," while another velvet leaf is named "Adam's flannel?"—William, in Harper's Bazar.

QUEER PICTURES IN CUBA.

Some of the Many Curious Sights to Be Observed by American Visitors.

To an American visitor the streets of a Cuban town present an endless succession of curious pictures. They are different in every respect from what one is accustomed to see at home. They are so narrow that two vehicles can hardly pass each other. They are paved with rough stones; the sidewalks average about eighteen inches in width, and pedestrians have to walk single file, and in order to pass anyone are forced to step into the road. In the streets are seen clumsy carts, broad and heavy, yet drawn by a single mule whose defective locomotive power is compensated for by excessive decoration. The mule's harness is studded with brass ornaments. Over his forehead is a sort of headdress of wool and on each side hang large tassels of scarlet. To complete his costume there is a huge bunch of bells fastened between his shoulders. The negroes who drive these carts wear clothes of linen, originally white, and caps of red woolen stuff. For drawing timbers oxen are yoked to a pair of great wheels. From the axle the timbers are suspended, projecting over the heads of the oxen and trailing on the ground behind. Every omnibus

is hung with curtains along the sides and a gong is constantly ringing. Coach hire is cheap, the charge being twenty cents for a double fare for ordinary distances.

The coaches are small Victorias and are drawn by thin little horses at a furious pace. Some really handsome private carriages with fine horses and liveried coachmen and footmen are sometimes seen. Negroes carry all burdens on their heads, generally in large open shallow baskets. Laundry dresses may be seen balancing on their heads a load of freshly-ironed linen, and they are followed by women bearing from market supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables, with a live chicken peeping from the basket. Drove of cows with calves bleating behind them are driven from door to door and milked to order. Strings of pack mules straggle along laden with fodder-corn tied in so huge a bundle on each side of the animal that only the nose and feet are to be seen, and each mule's halter is fastened to the tail of the one next in front. A common sight is the large, flexible basket of rushes hung painter-like across the back of a mule, the driver going on foot. The vendors of street wares carry them on their heads with an appliance that looks like a plank box a foot wide and four feet long with an oblong in the center. In the box are the smaller articles, while everything that can be hung is suspended along the sides. Gay-colored handkerchiefs, ribbons, laces and embroideries flutter in the breeze and entirely conceal the head and shoulders of the vendor.—N. Y. Tribune.

USEFUL SCIENCE.

How It Has Helped the Wine and Silk Industries in France.

Scientific research has contributed much, not only to the saving of human life, but to the accumulation of wealth and diffusion of comfort.

Millions of francs are saved annually to the French nation by the admirable investigations conducted in the interest of her wine industries by M. Pasteur. There was a time when the wines of France were liable to turn bitter or sour. No one could tell whether the wine of a given year would turn out good or bad. Ruin threatened the whole grape-growing district of France.

Pasteur discovered that the wine would be ruined whenever he could find in it certain micro-organisms. He proved that it was these organisms which destroyed the wine by producing a certain kind of fermentation. He next discovered that they could be destroyed by heating to a temperature not at all harmful to the wine itself. By this simple process the grape growers have since avoided the degeneration of their product.

The silk producers of France and Italy also owe to Pasteur their prosperity. The silk-worms became afflicted with a parasite which killed them before they had spun their silks. Through unceasing study, combined with a remarkable insight, Pasteur discovered just at what stage the life of the silk-worm the parasite might be destroyed.

A recent interesting instance of what science can do against apparently overwhelming odds occurred in the plains of Thessaly. The crops of that district of Greece were threatened with entire destruction by swarms of field mice. Every effort at destroying them proved inefficient, and finally Pasteur was appealed to. He referred his correspondent to Loeffer, whose recent researches among disease microbes have made him famous, and the Athenian government finally invited Loeffer to Athens, where, after some experimentation, he determined upon a line of procedure.

Pieces of bread were prepared, each of which contained numbers of a certain micro-organism known to be extremely deadly to mice, producing in them a disease much like typhoid fever. The same microbes, if eaten by man or domestic animals, are absolutely harmless. This bait was placed freely within reach of the wild mice, and at the same time other mice inoculated with the bacilli were turned loose, that their dead bodies might be eaten by the others.

In this way the disease was quickly distributed. Nine days after the baiting the mice had entirely ceased to show themselves, and further injury to crops was averted. Other districts were subsequently treated by the same method, and reported similar results.—Youth's Companion.

No More Pet Engines.

Practical railroad men account it a great triumph that they have knocked out the old theory that every engineer must have his own pet engine and must not be asked to run any other. Until only a few years ago this was the rule even on the greatest road. Each engineer grew accustomed to and fond of an engine and believed he could get good work out of it, while a stranger to it would be sure to have the same trouble that he would expect with a strange engine. That is all changed now, and engineers are expected to leave their sentimental notions at home and take out whatever engine they are assigned to.—N. Y. Sun.

The Was All Right.

She was hurrying along toward the railroad station with her long gown dragging behind and in the way.

"Good gracious, Mary," angrily exclaimed her husband, "what did you ever wear that thing for?"

She responded cheerfully: "I'm all right. I wore it so I'd be sure to get to the station before my train did."—Detroit Free Press.

A Paradox.—Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked the dime-museum manager of the chiropodist, who was hustling through the lecture-hall. "Come up to look after the mermaid's corals, sir."—Buffalo Express.

"George, dear, I knew it must be you." "George—did your heart tell you?" "No, I happened to see papa's chain the dog."—Inter-Ocean.

—She—"Are these flowers all natural?"—He—"Yes, all except the prices."—Inter-Ocean.

BLIND MEN SMOKE.

How a Would-Be Scientist Discovered This All-Important Fact.

I saw a blind man smoking a cigar the other day. Now, as there has been some scientific controversies as to whether a man can enjoy a smoke who can not at the same time see the smoke curling up from the cigar or pipe, I was struck with this apparent solution of the question.

I have heard it repeatedly stated that nobody could tell in the dark whether his cigar was alight or not if he couldn't see the fire. I had tried it myself, and had come to the conclusion that the statement was correct. Nevertheless, here was a blind man who was not only smoking but was apparently enjoying the process.

I knew the man was blind because there was a placard slung around his neck announcing "I am blind." Then I had seen him standing at the foot of the elevated stairs month in and month out selling lead pencils to sympathetic people who didn't want any lead pencils—who never used lead pencils. He was not on duty at the time. I don't know, but a blind man selling lead pencils and smoking a good cigar at the same time would seem an incongruous thing. Not because he hadn't a perfect right to do so, but somehow the prevailing public idea is that a blind man has no use for the ordinary luxuries of life, and he has a tendency to destroy his trade. He probably understood this, for he was at a free-lunch counter, having evidently just quenched his thirst with a glass of beer.

"Does it give you pleasure to smoke?" I inquired, softly, observing the marvellous instinct with which he discriminated between the bits of sliced ham and bologna.

"What dye s'pose I do it for, eh?" says he.

"In the interests of science," said I. "What're ye givin' me?" says he.

"I'm not giving you anything," says I. "You are helping yourself by all indications. I have been told that a blind man never smokes. Is it said that?"

He stopped his onslaught upon the sables long enough to turn the sign over. Then he turned his weak and watery eyes upon me:

"Hang your science," says he, and walked calmly out of the place.

I felt somewhat put down myself, but science is all right. Let this evidence be spread upon the record. Blind men do smoke.—N. Y. Herald.

RISE OF ENGLISH TOWNS.

Phenomenal Growth of Some of the Manufacturing Centers.

Among English manufacturing towns none can boast a more startlingly rapid rise than that of Barrow-in-Furness and Middlesbrough. Barrow was an insignificant hamlet made up of a handful of fishermen's huts, until the discovery of a rich vein of hematite ore some forty years ago transformed it into one of the most important centers of our great iron manufacture. Its population is now fifty-one thousand. Where the fishing cobbles were hauled on to the quiet strand there now flares many a huge blast furnace, fed with hundreds of thousands of tons of ore yearly, while busy works and one of the largest steel works in England add further, not to the beauty, but to the commercial prosperity of Barrow. The makers of the place as it now is were the late duke of Devonshire and the duke of Buccleuch.

Middlesbrough began in an even smaller way. Sixty-five years ago a solitary farmhouse stood where furnaces and puddling mills make the land hideous to-day. Its life was revolutionized by the find in 1840 of a thick vein of iron in the Cleveland hills running from Middlesbrough to Whitby; the Darlington & Stockton railway was already at hand to help in the work. Iron ship-building and Holcove & Vaughan's great steel works came next, and "Ironopolis" is now an incorporated borough with a member of parliament and over seventy-five thousand people, where forty years since there were not as many hundreds.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Cat That Saved Human Lives.

There is a cat in Brooklyn to which fifty persons feel that they owe their lives. It had been turned out of a tenement-house by its former owner, but two weeks afterward it returned one night, got into the flat where it had formerly lived, and tried to awaken the head of the family by meowing and scratching at the bedclothes. Finally that indignant person got up, turned the animal out, and locked the door. A little while afterward, a district messenger-boy, and the eldest son of the family, came home for the rest of the night, and noticed the strange actions of the cat. The kindling-wood which had been left behind the kitchen stove was scattered over the floor, and the cat rushed about, finally clawing at the boy's trousers. Then he noticed that smoke was issuing through the fire-board at the rear of the stove. He roused the household, and the fire, which was well under way, was put out. It is needless to say that the best the tenement affords is now considered hardly good enough for the cat.—Harper's Young People.

—One of the best-known actors on the American stage declares with emphasis that many of the players are accused of trying to advertise themselves when they are totally ignorant of the published statements that are held to be concealed advertisements. "Perhaps you saw a paragraph about me in the—the other day," said he. "It was totally untrue. Not only was I not within a thousand miles of the place where the incident is laid, but such a thing never happened in my experience. It was pure invention, and to my mind a very stupid one. There are many of us who care for no publicity except such as we get by legitimate stage work. I can not even imagine from what source these falsehoods emanate, nor who is expected to profit by them."



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Justice of the Peace, George Wilkin, of Lowell, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

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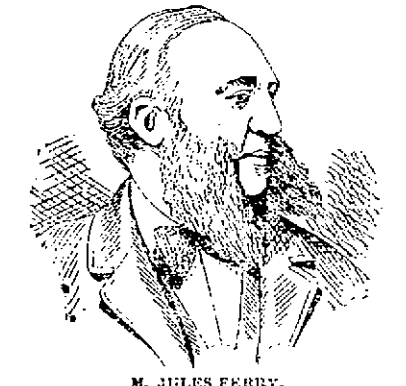
DEATH OF JULES FERRY.

The Career of the Famous Frenchman Ended—He Died in Great Agony—The Primary Cause Was a Bullet Received in a Duel with M. Aubertin in 1887—His Career.

Paris, March 18.—M. Jules Francois Camille Ferry, president of the French senate, died suddenly Friday evening from heart disease. The fatal attack was due to the effects of a bullet striking a rib near the base of the heart at the time he was attacked by Aubertin in 1887. He was seized with spasms early in the morning, and despite every effort made by the physicians who were hastily summoned the convulsions continued to grow in violence until at 6 o'clock in the evening he expired in a terribly severe spasm. Nothing had been known of his illness and the news caused a most profound sensation in Paris. Ferry was but recently elected to the senate's presidency, and his power was just beginning to be felt.

Mme. Ferry said in an interview with a reporter Friday evening:

"For the last two weeks M. Ferry had complained of difficulty in breathing. He would start up in the night occasionally, gasping and choking. Several times he left the table and hurried to a window to get fresh air. His sleep was much broken and his general health suffered in consequence. He showed an unusual lack of energy and an aversion to going out, except when his official duties called him."



M. JULES FERRY.

ties called him. I almost forced him to drive for a little while every pleasant morning and evening. In the last few days he seemed to recover somewhat his former energy and spirits, although his difficulty in breathing was increasing. Thursday evening, although he said he felt better than at any time in the last week, he admitted that his health needed careful nursing if he was not to die at his public duties. He went to bed at 10 o'clock. Before midnight he awoke with a chill. He fell asleep again, but rested uneasily, finally arising in another chill, more severe than the first one. I sent for the doctor at once."

Other physicians were then summoned for a consultation. As M. Ferry wished to get up they did not insist upon his remaining in bed, although they forbade him to leave the bedroom and his study which adjoins it. At 10:20 he began struggling for breath. He sprang from his chair with sudden energy and paced the room, calling for air and complaining that he was suffocating. This sudden rally was followed by another sinking turn. Alternations of rallying and sinking continued until 5 o'clock, when he raised himself in his seat, looked at his wife fixedly, exclaimed "Save me," and fell back exhausted. His struggle for breath became agonizing and the physicians injected morphia to relieve him. After a few unintelligible words he fell into a state of coma, which ended in death.

The news of M. Ferry's death astounded the city. A few evenings ago he was at the opera, and Thursday he presided over the senate. Hundreds of politicians called at the house during the evening and inscribed their names in the visitors' book. Extra editions were issued immediately after the announcement of the death.

The general feeling is that although his election to the presidency of the senate was contrary to the wishes of M. Carnot and M. Ribot, his death is a serious loss to the government. In the case of another cabinet crisis he, in his official capacity, would have been the first man to whom M. Carnot would have been bound to turn for advice. As yet the names of possible successors to the presidency of the senate have been hardly mentioned.

M. Ferry was born at Saint-Die in the Vosges, April 5, 1832. He studied law in Paris, was admitted to the bar there in 1854, took part in journalism and joined the opposition to Napoleon III, being one of those condemned in the trial of the thirteen in 1864. In 1869 he was elected to the corps legislatif and sat with the left. He quickly made himself conspicuous, proposing the abolition of the court that acquitted Prince Pierre Napoleon, and also the dissolution of the corps legislatif as no longer representing the people. He voted against the declaration of war with Prussia. When the empire fell in 1870 he was made secretary of the provisional government of the national defense, and subsequently held several high public offices.

After the resignation of Marshal MacMahon in 1879 M. Ferry was appointed to place in the cabinet of President Carnot as minister of public instruction. Under his administration the results were excluded from teaching in the public schools, and as a result the ministry was overthrown.

In 1883 the ministry was reconstructed under the premiership of M. Ferry. In the following year his administration was forced to resign in consequence of the public outcry against their policy in regard to the expedition to Tunis. Two years later he again became prime minister and immediately undertook his disastrous invasion of Tonquin. In the spring of 1885 M. Ferry was hurled from the premiership by an insignificant house of the deputies as a "bad Prince Bismarck."

M. Ferry's failure to meet Gen. Boulanger in a duel after having grossly insulted the latter did much to render him unpopular in France. The seconds chosen were Messrs. Antoine Prost and Reynal for M. Ferry, and Gen. Faverot and Count Dillon for Gen. Boulanger. Gen. Boulanger insisted, through his seconds, upon such conditions of meeting as would insure a serious combat. These conditions were evaded by M. Ferry's representatives, and the seconds of the respective parties failed to come to an agreement.

ISSUED A SWEEPING ORDER.

A United States Judge Commands Engineers to Raise the Ann Arbor Boycott.

Toledo, O., March 18.—General Manager Ashley of the Ann Arbor railway, and Alexander L. Smith, its general counsel, appeared before Judge Taft of the United States circuit court at Detroit Friday and made an application for a mandatory injunction against Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Chief Sargent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen requiring them to raise the boycott against Ann Arbor cars. Judge Taft allowed the order as prayed for.

THEY BUY CHOCOLATE.

Two Women, Not Troubled with Honest Scruples, Pick Up a Purse.

It was a red purse that was chosen to test the honesty of the average woman—a small, red purse with nickel clasps—one that looked as if it had seen better days. In it were placed some keys that had outlived their usefulness, an outworn Turkish bath ticket, a little brass ring that looked like gold, thirty-five cents in change, and, not least in importance, a card with the name and address of the owner plainly engraved upon it.

It was dropped with studied carelessness just where the crowd of shoppers was the thickest in one of the big downtown stores, and the young woman who was engaged in laying out for the tripping feet of her sisters passed to an adjoining counter to look as little like a villain as her scared conscience would permit and to await developments.

They came sooner than she had expected. A child's bright eyes had seen the pocketbook drop and a piping voice announced: "You've lost your money purse, lady," before sufficient time had elapsed to make the traditional exclamation concerning one Jack Robinson!

There was nothing to do but to take the little red object graciously from the small fingers and to try catching consciences in some other part of the shop. This time the experiment was more successful—far too successful, in fact.

Two well-dressed women, evidently friends, who stood near the place where the purse fell, discovered it almost simultaneously. One of them—she of the big-plumed hat and triple, fur-bordered cape—picked it up and turned to the other, who was more soberly attired in blue serge and a small blue toque trimmed with mink and blue quills.

"Wonder what's in it?" she said, regarding the modest affair curiously. "Open it and see," her friend suggested promptly.

And so the clasp was turned and the poor contents revealed to two pairs of scornful eyes. The ring was regarded with some interest, the bath ticket subjected to a searching examination, but it was evident that the smallness of the find did not recommend it to the respectful consideration of the women into whose hands it had fallen.

"Only thirty-five cents!" exclaimed one, disgustedly.

"There's a card with the address," suggested the other, who seemed to have mild promptings toward honesty.

"Yes, but who's going to race one's feet off for a little bit of money like that?" snapped the owner of the big hat. "People that are so careless ought to be taught a lesson. Come along; we'll go and get some hot chocolate with the quarter."

If her friend had any scruples they were young and tender and easily strangled, for she made no verbal protest, but followed in the wake of the holder of the purse with seeming satisfaction.

And the reporter sauntered carelessly after them, watched them enter a well-known confectioner's, and, horrified and dismayed that such a thing could be, saw them pay for the check that the courteous saleswoman handed them out of the little red purse itself.

Then she went away and wept for the moral tergiversation of her own sex.—Chicago Tribune.

READING IN ICELAND.

Culture as It Exists Among Upward the North Pole.

W. E. Mead, in his paper on "Books and Reading in Iceland," thus speaks of the universality of the reading habit in that far-away island:

"One naturally expects the clergy to be more or less educated and to have books as a necessary accompaniment, but one hardly dares to expect much of the ordinary farmers of so poor a land as Iceland; yet in spite of all drawbacks the Icelandic farmer manages to have at least a few books, and sometimes a remarkable number."

"On my trip to Hecla and Krisuvik I omitted no opportunity of looking over the books in the farmhouses. Sometimes I found nothing but the Bible and the psalm book, or an old treatise on farming, or some practical religious work, but a little inquiry usually brought out a few volumes of the sagas. At a farmhouse almost under the shadow of Hecla I found on the chest of drawers in my bedroom, several schoolbooks—one for learning Danish—a volume of tales, and the usual psalmbook. Against the wall hung a portfolio partly filled with Icelandic newspapers."

"The members of the family appeared to be very intelligent and by no means to have limited their reading to the few books in sight. A day or two later we were at Skeimstadir, on the southern coast. As we had just come from some of the places most famous in Icelandic story, I asked our host if he had a copy of the Njalsaga. He was a tall, shrewd-looking man of over sixty, with a strong face, a mighty, hawk-like nose, a little fringe of beard under his chin, and sharp, penetrating eyes. He thought there was a copy in his house and returned with a well-worn volume published in Copenhagen in 1773, having a part of the title page printed in vermilion. Other books were lying about the room. A bunch of newspapers published at Reykjavik hung against the wall, and the first number of a religious newspaper was handed about as a specimen copy."

Books turn up in unexpected corners. While we waited for the wind to subside, so that our horses could safely swim the Olufsa, we stayed at the house of the ferryman. He opened a bottle of port wine for us; and when I asked for a book to while away the time he brought a small armful for me to choose from.—Atlantic.

Easily Explained.

Miss Lakebreeze—I wonder why in Chicago girls are usually shorter than you eastern girls?

Miss Gotham—Probably it is because you are turned over a good deal more at the feet.—National Tribune

How's That?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. West & Taux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDRON, KINNAN & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

CREDITOR—"The consciences of those two bankrupts appear to be very elastic." Assignee—"Well, don't you expect elasticity in suspenders?"—Clothing and Haberdashers' Weekly.

"I've raised my teacher in school to-day," said Nancy. "She told me I couldn't whisper, and I showed her right off how I could."—Harper's Bazar.

That bandmaster had a proper idea of the fitness of things who ordered that his musicians should wear tunics.—Boston Courier.

Don Needn't Live in a Swamp To have malarial trouble. It is as wide spread as insidious. But you do need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to get over it speedily and completely. Persistent use of this professionally commended remedy and preventive will floor it, though you have tried other medicines in vain. Take it at the outset. The same advice should be taken in cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney complaint, rheumatism and neuralgia.

Miss Pratt says that others may have their love in a cottage, but love in a cottage is a better way to put it.—Boston Transcript.

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS HOTEL is the 1,500 room, fireproof, summer hotel, the "Great Eastern," at St. Lawrence Ave. and 60th St., Chicago, two blocks from Midway Plaisance World's Fair entrance and overlooking famous Washington Park. World's Fair visitors can avoid annoyance and extortion of sharks by engaging rooms now at \$1.50 a day, each person (European) by addressing Copeland Townsend, Manager (formerly mgr. Palmer House), 42 Broadway Building, Chicago, Ill.

SOME of the funny stories told about the fireless are enough to make even the fire roar.—Yonkers Statesman.

DISEASE is unnatural, and is but the proof that we are abusing Nature. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome this abuse.

It is better to say: "This one thing I do," than to say: "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, Dr. J. C. Peck's "Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

When a person considers himself as "one in a thousand," he naturally regards the others as ciphers.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When some people go forth to bury their prejudices they merely plant them.—Dallas News.

BERCHAM'S PILLS are not a new remedy. They have been used in Europe for 50 years, and are well tested and excellent.

Other garments influence a woman, but it is her hat that dominates her.—Puck.



Home Necessities

"Papa's got on his new suit; mamma and I bought it for him. Papa says business's dull; couldn't afford new clothes. Mamma didn't like to see papa shabby. We know lots of people; told them how much we liked THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL; that we would like to have them take it too; most of 'em did; we made thirty dollars; papa's got it on; he feels awfully happy; so does mamma; I guess I do too. Mr. Curtis will tell any girl how she can make money."

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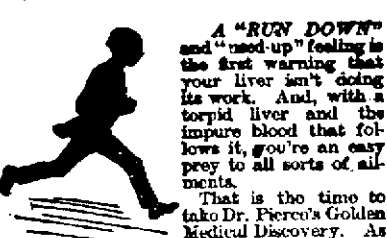
No trees of first quality can ever be sent by mail. Mayhap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5 or 6 ft. trees, 2-year Bona of rare excellence—everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. 1,000 acres Nurseries, 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

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3 BOTTLES OF SSS

Relieved me of a severe blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the handful. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S. S. S. O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

CURES For forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well. It is entirely vegetable and harmless. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free. SWARTZ BROS. & CO., Atlanta, Ga.



A "RUN DOWN" and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. And, with a torpid liver and impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments.

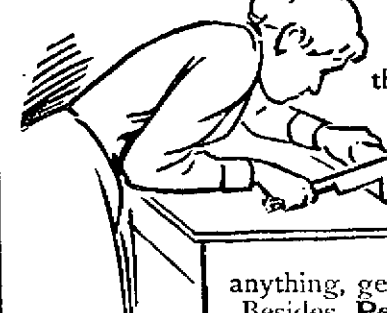
That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative, purifier of the blood, and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

\$500 is offered, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh. Their remedy perfectly and permanently cures the worst cases.

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powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap—and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm—much more easily than any other way yet known.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

Beware

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

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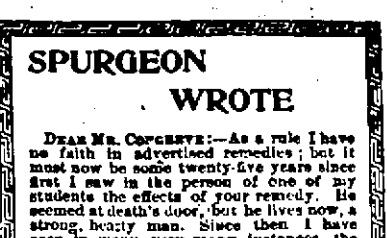
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